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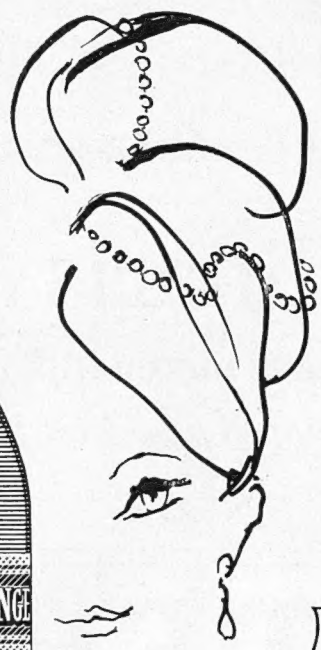

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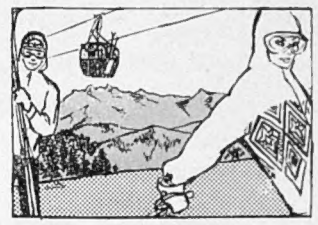

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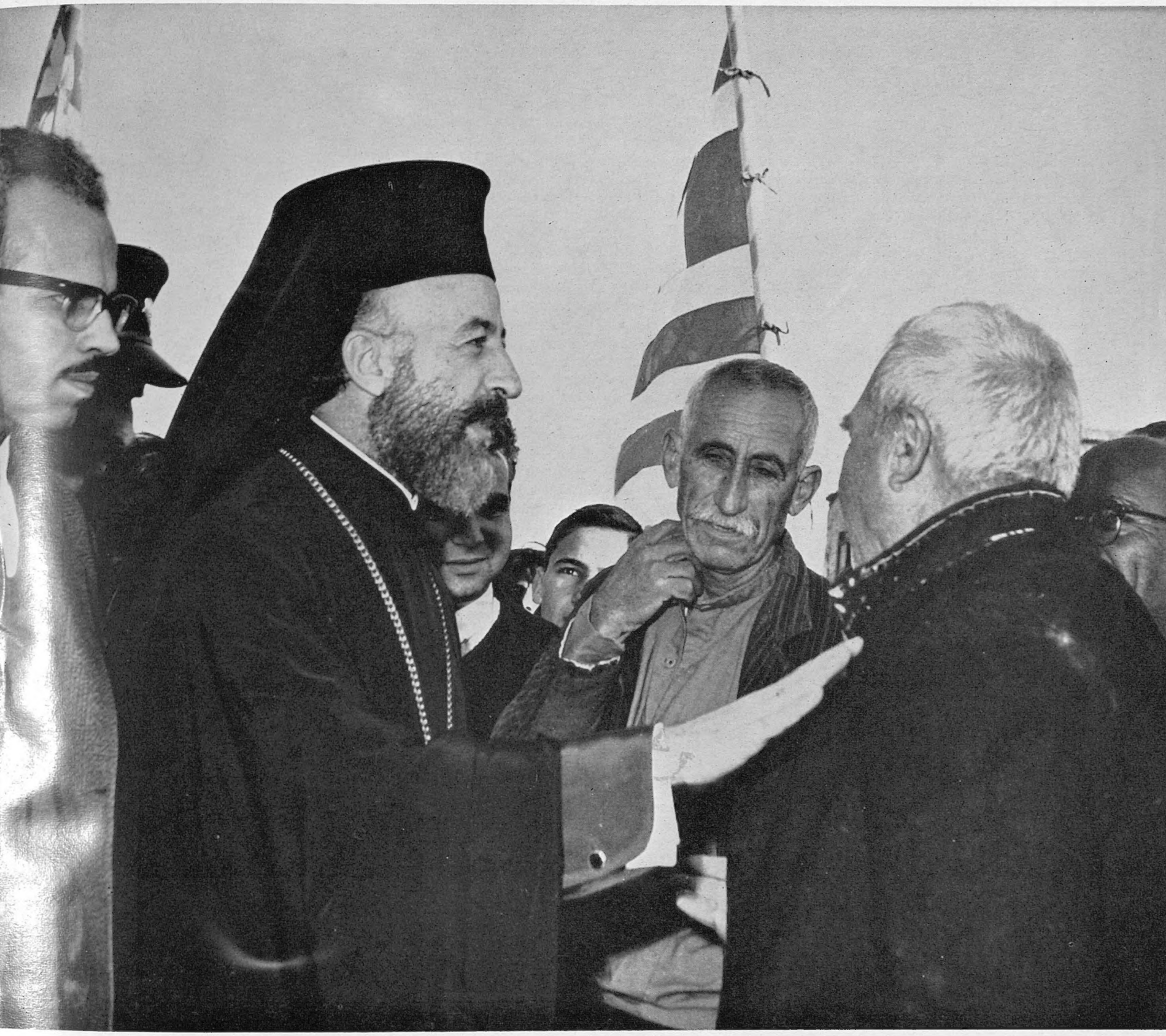

While the world wondered about the future of Cyprus, Archbishop Makarios made a tour of the Kyrenia district of the island. Among the places he visited was the Greek-Turkish village of Sysklipos where he met these two Turkish Cypriot peasants Hussein Hassan and Mehmet Ali. By the end of last week, agreement had been reached by Britain and the United States on terms by which an international force could go to Cyprus to keep the peace while tension lasted (see News Summary). The Archbishop was accompanied on his Kyrenia trip by Mr Polykarpos Yiorkadjis, his Minister of the Interior (left)

TALKS IN A CYPRIOT VILLAGE

NEWS SUMMARY

The Cyprus crisis; post-mutiny operations in Africa; Port Talbot goes back to work; coup in South Vietnam

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CYPRUS

By early last Monday the situation in Cyprus was still obscure. Mr Spyros Kyprianou and Mr Glafcos Clerides, Greek-Cypriot delegates to the London conference, who had returned to Nicosia, were flying back to Britain with President Markarios's reply to the Anglo-US proposal for a 10,000-strong Nato force to keep the peace on the island. Meanwhile in Nicosia several thousand Greek-Cypriot students marched through the Greek sector of the city chanting "Death to Nato" and "Long live the United Nations." The President went to one gymnasium to try to halt the demonstration. "It is not in our interest," he told the students, but his words had little effect.

FAR EAST

In South Vietnam, General Nguyen Khanh, who had seized power in a swift and bloodless coup d'etat last week, went ahead with plans for stepping up the war against the Communist Vietcong guerillas. The General's coup, carried out with the help of a group of army officers, had deposed the military junta which overthrew the regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem last November.

General Khanh accused the former government of plotting with France to end the war against the Communist guerillas and to set up a neutralised Vietnam in which the South would be reunited with the Communist North.

Whatever the truth of the charges, the Vietnam coup could be seen as among the first repercussions to General de Gaulle's recognition of Communist China. Relations between France and the US have worsened as a result of the recognition which has increased America's difficulties in pursuing her policy of blocking the Communist advance in South-East Asia, and at a Press conference in Washington President Johnson indicated that America would press the new regime in South Vietnam to pursue the anti-Communist campaign with more vigour.

Prospects of a peaceful settlement in the North Borneo dispute were described as "very encouraging" by Mr Thanat Khoman, the Siamese Foreign Minister, when he arrived in Kuala Lumpur for talks with Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Malaysian Prime Minister.

Retracing the route taken recently by Mr Robert Kennedy and Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia, Mr Khoman had been on a peace-making trip to Indonesia and the Philippines. "Everyone," he said, "is in a mood to compromise." He added that Siam had agreed to supervise the Borneo cease-fire, for which a procedure was being worked out.

Meanwhile, in Siam's capital, Bangkok, a meeting was due to take place on Wednesday between Tun Abdul Razak, the deputy Prime Minister of Malaysia, Mr Salvador Lopez, the Foreign Minister of the Philippines, and Dr Subandrio, the Foreign Minister of Indonesia. It would be the first direct contact between the three countries since the Philippines and Indonesia refused to recognise Malaysia.

AFRICA

In East Africa, governments were busy with post-mutiny operations. President Nyerere of Tanganyika discharged from service all private soldiers, about 345 men, from the 1st Battalion of the Tanganyika Rifles, except those in custody or on leave. He gaoled the Trade Union leaders who threatened to call a general strike at a time of national emergency. His government also imposed a censorship on outgoing Press cables and telephone calls.

Kenya has followed Tanganyika and Uganda in limiting the staff of foreign embassies to ten persons, with the purpose of stemming the growing tide of uninvited foreign intervention. Visitors from Communist countries have been landing freely at Nairobi airport since independence. Mr Kenyatta has emphatically contradicted Mr Oginga Odinga's claim that the recent disturbances in Kenya could be blamed on the British. Food price controls were imposed by the Kenya Government last week and a national Youth Service set up to combat growing unemployment.

Zanzibar was reported last week to be returning to law and order, though the position of the President, Sheikh Abeid Karume, seemed far from assured. It was 'Field Marshal' John Okello, the Cuban-trained guerilla leader, who sailed to Pemba, Zanzibar's small neighbouring island, to assert the authority of the new regime there.

In Southern Rhodesia violent riots in Salisbury's African township occurred last week, following the disturbances in East Africa. The Prime Minister, Mr Winston Field, put his final demands for independence to the British Government during his visit to Britain last week and flew back to Salisbury on Monday. A Parliamentary caucus was to be called for Wednesday, but views were divided as to whether Southern Rhodesia should seize independence unilaterally, without waiting for the Commonwealth consultations that the British Government is insisting on.

GREAT BRITAIN

Last Monday evening it was announced that the Queen Mother had entered hospital for an emergency operation. She was to have left London on Friday for a short visit to Canada before going on to Australia and New Zealand. The visit has now been cancelled (see page 196).

By Thursday of this week all 14,000 workers at the Port Talbot plant of the Steel Company of Wales were expected to be back at work following last weekend's decision to end the 41-day stoppage which had closed the works since Christmas. The strike ended formally on Saturday at a mass meeting of 1,300 members of the Amalgamated Engineering Union who had struck for increases to bring their wages nearer production workers' pay. The strikers signified acceptance of a peace formula which had been worked out earlier last week between the AEU executive and the company.

As a result of the dispute, the company had lost almost 400,000 tons of steel and the workers had sacrificed £1·5 million in wages. Under the peace plan, a working party will examine craftsmen's pay, and its report—expected in three months—will form a basis for new talks on wages.

Off Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika, two British aircraft carriers, the *Centaur* (foreground) and the *Victorious*, lie anchored. They acted as British bases for military operations during the East African mutinies

Suggestions that General Election issues should be argued out in a face-to-face television interview between Sir Alec Douglas-Home and Mr Harold Wilson on the lines of the Kennedy-Nixon exchanges during the last American Presidential Election received a thumbs half-down from Sir Alec, who commented in Manchester: "I never like turning British elections into an American model." But he added that he had not entirely dismissed the idea.

Among Sir Alec's visitors at 10, Downing Street last week was Mr M. C. Chagla, India's Minister of Education. He called on the Prime Minister for talks on the Kashmir dispute. Earlier, Sir Alec had met Mr Z. A. Bhutto, the Pakistan Foreign Minister (see page 188).

The interim report of the British Waterways Board revealed that 90 per cent. of the total canal traffic was carried by about 20 per cent. of the system. In the eight years between 1954 and 1962 annual losses on the canals had risen from £153,000 to £1,068,000.

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CHANGES IN AFRICA

"What next in Africa?" is the question being currently asked in relation to the emergent continent. Events have been moving so precipitately in East Africa and elsewhere, that it is hard enough to grasp what is and has been happening. It is in an understanding of the present that we must look for clues to the future.

Events have moved quickly, but it is a fallacy to claim that many of the troubles would have been avoided if the pace of emergence to freedom in Africa had been less speedy. Granted, 28 new states have achieved sovereign status since the start of 1956, Granted, too, that in the last year in at least ten of the new states there have been violent upheavals, political killings, overthrows of governments or attempted coups. But the fallacy in this reasoning lies in a refusal to follow it to its logical conclusion: what would have happened if independence had not been granted when it was? The short answer is—far more trouble. In the British African territories nationalist aspirations could have been kept down only by force and this would have required the presence of large numbers of troops and the probable continuation of conscription at home. The Anglo-American relationship would have taken much longer to heal from the Suez rupture and, internationally, Britain would have been as isolated as France was towards the end of the long Algerian war, except that British public opinion would almost certainly have insisted on the granting of independence to the African territories long before seven and a half years were up.

On the African side the speed of events has made it hard for many of them to realise that the apron strings of colonial paternalism in the former British and French territories have been severed for good. The parrot-cry of "neo-colonialism," assiduously put about by Mr Khrushchev, leader of the arch-neo-colonial power of our age, is taken up in some quarters with regard to any British activity in Africa. Thus Europeans tend to equate African nationalism with Communism. Just as Africans look for neo-colonialists under their beds, so Europeans there search for Communist agents.

That both are largely in error is shown by an examination of the troubles in East Africa. What has to be decided is how far were the disturbances no more than "little local difficulties," as some of the East African leaders claim, and how far was subversion from outside responsible?

It is hard to believe there was no connection between the disaffection among the troops in the three contiguous countries of Tanganyika, Uganda and Kenya, especially so soon after the revolution in Zanzibar. In all three countries complaints about pay and conditions were said to be the cause of the trouble. There seems little doubt that the position of the white officers and NCO's was invidious—having to command African troops and at the same time serve African governments. It has been suggested that East Africa might follow the Ghanaian system of having military training missions of white officers whose task would be simply to instruct, not to command. Another suggestion has been that conditions for the troops and their organisation might be improved if the armed forces of the three East African states were integrated ahead of any general federation.

But the broader military aspects were the more important. There was nothing at all "neo-colonialist" about the arrival of the British troops in East Africa. They went there at the request of the responsible leaders, Messrs Nyerere, Obote and Kenyatta and it should be plain for everyone to see that the East Africans were invoking defence agreements with Britain which their countries had freely entered into for the preservation of their independence.

But troops cannot keep out ideas which may be subversive unless they are ordered to employ a ruthless brutality which has rarely been evinced in history. So we come to our second question: how far have events in East Africa been engineered from outside? Mr Sandys said last week that he hoped to have consultations with the East African governments on this question, when things had settled down. At the same time Mr Nyerere

Men of the 3rd Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, prepare for action against mutineers of the Kenya Rifles at Lanet, near Nakuru, 100 miles north of Nairobi

called for a ministerial meeting of the Organisation for African Unity (to which almost all independent African states belong) to consider the same matter.

It is of course ridiculous to imagine emergent Africa can be insulated against Marxism. About half the world's population are Communists or live in Communist societies. African students study, as they are entitled to do, in Russia and in China as they do in the West. But there are reasons to suppose (among them the recent demonstrations against the authorities in Moscow by African students) that African Marxism is likely to develop in its own peculiar form.

Both the Soviet Union and China are meddling in Africa whenever occasion offers and are not slow to exploit any opportunity that can be turned to their advantage. An example of this is the tribalism and racialism which is one of the most pressing problems of Africa. The old colonial powers had little interest in ethnological considerations in their mapping of the continent and with regard to inter-tribal rivalries they did little more than contain them. Independence has released many of these hatreds which in many cases are open to Communist exploitation. However, the appalling slaughter in Rwanda by the Hutu of their former overlords the Tutsi can have needed little outside encouragement.

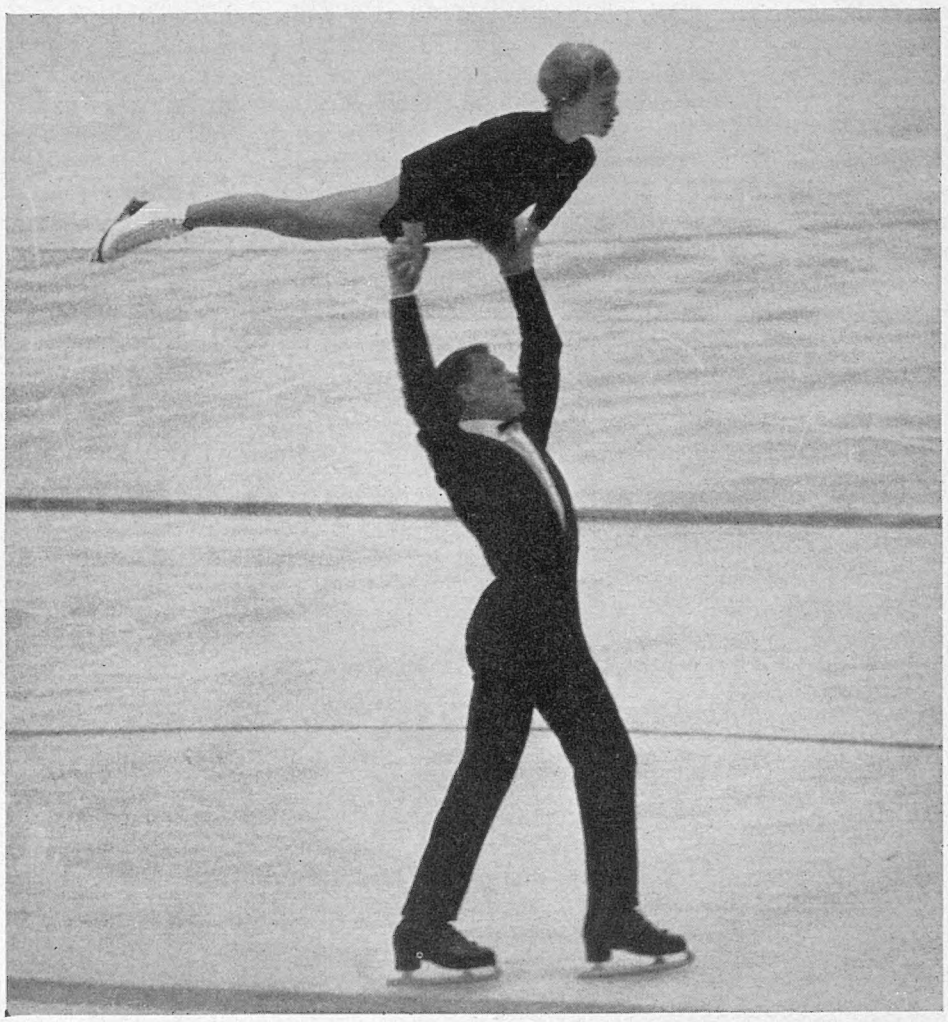
In Zanzibar there has been a mass of evidence alleging Communist interference. One set of leaders is said to be Moscow men, another to consist of China's agents. Yet another group is reported to have been Cuban inspired. A theory being put about in London last week was that Russia and China had allied to take action in Zanzibar. In view of the known deep differences between Moscow and Pekin (see Maurice Latey on this page on January 11) and of Mr Chou En-lai's peregrinations in Africa as the overt rival and not partner of Mr Khrushchev, this seems very unlikely. In Zanzibar race hatred required little stimulation after independence. Freed from the British protectorate the Afro-Shirazi majority whether Marxist or not were certain to oust the hitherto dominant Arab minority.

Russian or Chinese Communism so far appear to have made little progress in responsible circles in Africa. Guinea started a flirtation with the Soviet Union but soon fell out. The danger of subversion is always there but those best fitted to combat it are the Africans themselves. For in almost every African country there is a deeply held belief in a policy of neutralism or non-alignment. It may sometimes take curious forms but it is none the less a genuine desire not to become involved in the East-West struggle and the risk of nuclear war. This underlies the idea of a United Africa, which admittedly some African countries don't want and few seem to envisage how it is to be achieved, and the determination of all emergent Africa to bring independence to those parts of the continent still under white control. If, as some reports have it, an upheaval is brewing in Mozambique, it will almost certainly be the work of Africans and not Communist agents.

Whatever happens next in Africa is bound to bring some shocks and they could come from unexpected quarters. The trend towards one-party states may continue—another sign of the swift pace of events—and if accompanied by any rejection of the Rule of Law must, among Commonwealth states, raise the question of continued membership of the Commonwealth association.

In Central Africa, Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia are due to become independent this year, but Southern Rhodesia remains an apparently increasingly explosive problem, the solution of which is a British responsibility. Throughout Africa generally the main way in which Britain can contribute towards a stable future is through an increase in economic aid and of assistance in education in all its forms. This is a platitude, but also a very hard fact. For the Africans are beginning to learn that whereas Russian or Chinese aid always has strings attached to it, British aid can be disinterested politically, even when, as in East Africa, it takes the form of military help. **Charles Dimont**

WINTER OLYMPICS



Above: At the ninth Winter Olympic Games at Bergisel, near Innsbruck, Egon Zimmerman sends a wake of snow flying as he completes the downhill race. Before a crowd of 40,000 spectators the 24-year-old Austrian covered the two-mile course in 2 mins. 18·16 secs., winning the men's gold medal for the event. Zimmerman is the world slalom champion

Top: Winners of the Figure Skating Championship in the Ice Stadium were a Russian pair, Ludmilla Belousova and Oleg Protopopov

Right: Lidia Skoblikova, the 24-year-old Russian skater, made winter sports history by winning her third gold medal of the Innsbruck Games in the women's 1,000 metres speed skating. She shattered the Olympic speed record with a time of 1 min. 33·2 secs. Later, she won the 3,000 metres, taking the Russian gold medal total to six. Lidia Skoblikova (a school mistress) is the first woman competitor to have won more than three medals in one Olympiad. She was a double gold medallist at the Olympics in Squaw Valley, 1960

Left: By a fraction of a second, the British bobsleigh team wins a gold medal from the Italian team. This was Britain's first gold medal since 1952. In front, Antony Nash steers the bob by the two front runners. Behind him is the brakeman, Robin Dixon. Hurtling down the narrow ice gully barely 6 ft. wide at an average speed of 52 m.p.h., they completed the four runs in 4 mins. 21·9 secs.

Above: Veikko Kankkonen (Finland) wins the Nordic ski-ing event at Seefeld with the last jump of the day. He beat the Norwegian ski-jumper Toralf Engan by 229·90 points to 226·30 **Top:** The Olympic flame burns brightly at the opening of the Winter Games by the President of Austria, Dr Adolf Schaerf. Beyond the ski-jump are the peaks of the Alps around Innsbruck

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15, John Adam Street, London, WC2

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Status symbols

There are indications that in the near future much higher salaries will be deemed necessary for Ministers and permanent officials. In my youth, the plum posts in the Civil Service were rewarded with a maximum of £2,000 per annum and, with the modest taxation of that day and the then purchasing power of the £, it is easy to agree that £2,000 a year in 1900 was a handsomer remuneration than £7,000 today. Ministers of the Crown in those days had no reason to complain of starvation wages. If they have received no rises for many decades, they were in clover in 1900 on what are " pittances " today. Obviously Ministers, judges, heads of departments and other very responsible people must be placed in a position free from financial worries and sordid shifts, so that they can devote all their abilities to the public weal. That, it seems to me, was the criterion of salary scales 50 years ago—independent means giving dignity without luxury. Today the criterion seems based on status symbolism. In an ideal democracy no doubt men of ability would patriotically give their full services to the state on a " freedom-from-worry " basis, and it should be possible to work out very accurately what today represents the spending power of £2,000 half a century ago. If, with present day inflation and taxation, it works out at £25,000 a year, then we must not cry out against such salaries for the £2,000 a year man of 1900. But, with more justice, we *may* complain of " status-symbol " salary-fixing, which no doubt is encouraged by the enormous salaries offered to industrial magnates here and in America. No doubt the parable of the labourers in the vineyard is not realistic and perhaps never was. But " status," since the evolutions following two world wars, is a word that begins to smell.

Swinging together

Socialists are every whit as concerned to secure the " rate for the job " as are people in any other party, and Socialist MPs naturally boost the status of Parliamentary representatives high. Status has different meanings when considered financially and socially and Mr Wilson's " New Britain " is designed as a blueprint of an ideal democracy, and as he raises the wind throughout the country, before the General Election, he will be certain to score many points and gain much applause when he attacks status in its *social* definition, Eton and grouse moors and so on. To right wing Tory Ministers, such jibes are cheap and not worth answering. Here, I think (before a vital General Election) they are unwise. They cannot afford to wave aside as trivial, such vulgar criticism of their " way of life " which may create strong cumulative prejudice in the minds of half the electorate who feed on headlines and are always ready to accept trifles as portents and hearsay as evidence and generalisations as habitual practice. Before the General Election—the cynic may advise—there is a case for giving serious thought to countering these pinpricks. It would have been wise when Mr Macmillan resigned to sing *The Eton Boating Song* in a lower key, to avoid being photographed in a grouse butt, to suspend the broadcasting of hereditary titles and to cut down the Honours Lists to a handy size. A hypocritical expedient, of course; but such expedients are common before General Elections. If jolly boating weather *should* return in 1964, the Tories can sing and swing together again for another five years.

Hope of the hopeless

In London and some Midland cities the increase in the number of betting shops is quite considerable, and gives concern to certain MPs who feel worried at the nation's absorption in gambling. But in Scotland there is no such increase, rather the reverse, and in Australia gambling is no problem. These trends are " explained " by the remarks of an Australian psychologist who has been studying our gambling propensities. He tells us that " gambling in moderation " is a good thing. Those who live in the big cities in England are deprived of hope—one thing necessary for tolerable existence—because they are deprived of open-air recreations which are available in Australia and in Scotland. But those who live in Bermondsey (and such places), in a climate like ours, what can they find in the way of healthy, open-air recreation? Hence they fall back on gambling—and rightly, if in moderation. But *compulsive* gambling is sheer perversion, a vice. So says Mr Kenna. Only 30 per cent. of regular gamblers enjoy that vital element of hope. The remaining 70 per cent. expect to lose but can't help doing it. They gamble from defiance of a predestined, patterned, drab life, and are conscious of a sense of guilt. So, according to our visiting psychologist, only 30 per cent. of his cross-section of gamblers derive any slight benefit in *hope* and happiness from this *good thing* (moderate gambling). It seems hard on the men of Bermondsey (and such places) that in pursuing a valuable practice, their rewards should depend on pure chance—if you can call chance " pure." All too often the prizes go to people who don't live in Bermondsey (and such places). All too often they go to people deficient neither in hope nor money.

Under the skilled fingers of artist John Hutton, the engraved figures of Hamlet and Ophelia take shape on a glass screen intended for the vestibule of the Shakespeare Centre now being built at Stratford-on-Avon

Why so comic?

Mr Emrys Hughes, MP, was recently granted ten minutes in which to air one of the " bees in his bonnet." His Bill, read a first time, proposed to abolish hereditary titles henceforth save as regarded the Monarchy, leaving existing hereditary titles to wear out by natural processes. The whole House enjoyed ten minutes' fun over the very " daring " of the proposal. Yet why so comic? Is the bee buzzing only in Mr Hughes' head? To me it seemed reasonable enough and temperate enough. We are being urged to plan ahead for the coming age of leisure. Why not also for the coming space age? When, 50 years hence, we wear space suits and moon armour, is it to be believed that ermine robes, garters and plumes will not be a little *vieux jeu* and that quite a few of the trappings of the " grand old days " of privilege will not have vanished? Mr Hughes was moderate enough. It will take centuries of natural processes to exterminate the thousands of existing hereditary titles, so that no sharp or shocking break with our grand old way of life is contemplated.

Scare-hogs

The sight of a policeman is the real deterrent to dangerous driving. Lord Curzon, who is not impressed by radar evidence, said so, and I agree that few men drive like hogs when aware that a police patrol is following them. Of course, there are not enough police to ensure such restraint on our roads as would diminish to " reasonable " proportions the slaughter

Above: The meet of the Cotswold Hunt at Seven Springs, near Cheltenham. This season is the last in which Sir Hugh Arbuthnot is acting as Master. Next season Mr R. Phillips takes over

Right: At Tilbury the cargo of the Transport Ferry Service's *Cerdic Ferry* includes a London bus, bound for Germany, France, Austria and Italy—a long way from Piccadilly for this No. 9 making the trip to boost a film

on them. But an "excellent substitute"—reasonably effective and far cheaper—is worth the consideration of Mr Marples, chief constables and local authorities. A famous poster of Lord Kitchener had a remarkable effect on army recruiting at a vital time. An equally realistic figure of a policeman in uniform set at half mile intervals along the roads of Britain, posed in a threatening posture, would, I believe, remind motorists of their responsibilities. Nowadays they set up in fields scarecrows which automatically move their limbs, and although crows and pigeons get used to them, they still show a certain wariness before they settle near them. Hogs, too, would get used to "scare-hogs" on the road, but an effective reminder would remain. The mere sight of a man in uniform—even if made of cardboard—would continue to suggest restraint and be a reminder of the penalties for detection and summons by flesh-and-blood policemen.

"None of us infallible"

Occasionally a "spur-of-the-moment" aphorism goes round the world in 80 days or less, and is established in perpetuity as an historic saying. But, often, while the aphorism survives, the name of its originator and the occasion are lost or confused. One such aphorism "We are none of us infallible—not even the youngest of us," I have always heard attributed to Jowett of Balliol. The other day General Sir Henry Jackson, son of Professor Jackson, O.M., in sorting out old papers, came upon the indisputable author of the aphorism and its occasion. On March 30, 1878, at one of many Saturday meetings of the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, concerned with draft statutes, a Junior Fellow proposed a "revolutionary" scheme for "equalising" Fellowships. The proposal was ultimately adopted; but while certain seniors were voicing objections, the Master, W. H. Thompson, made this famous remark and made it musingly and by no means cynically or unkindly. This is borne out by a letter of January 25, 1911 to Professor Jackson from Walter Leaf who was present during the meeting. It is further established that the Junior Fellow was Gerald Balfour, second Earl of Balfour, who took the remark in good part, and all his life was chaffed by his family about it. You may say that this "disclosure" is of no great importance. Very well. But how pleasant to devote a paragraph of the *Newsletter* to something more civilised and (I hope) more permanent than party-political sensations, the sanguinary birth pangs of newly enfranchised races, senseless strikes and general disorderliness. It has quite a civilised ring about it. How true even today that not even the youngest are infallible! *The Old Stager*

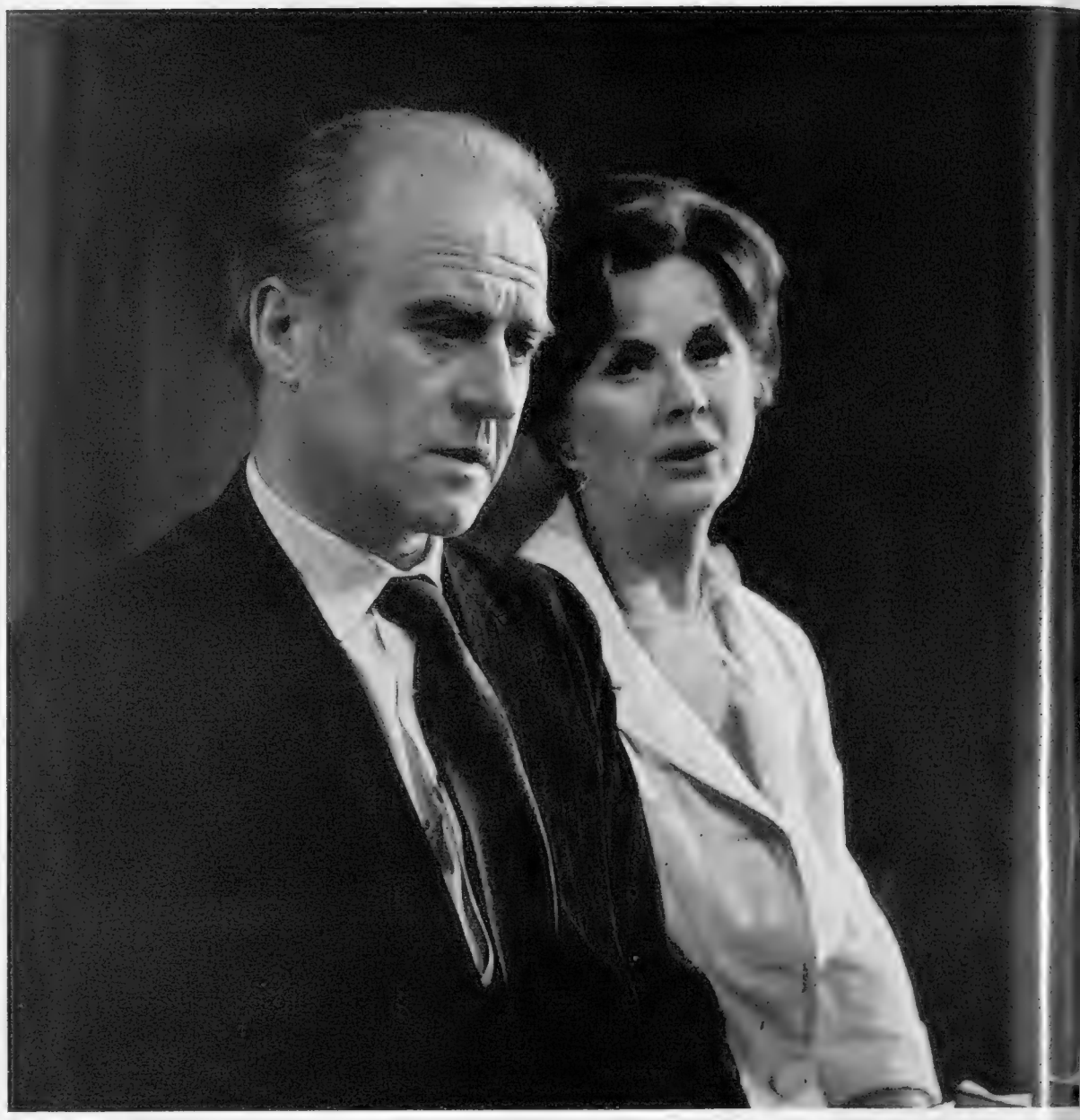
TO CALL A MAN A JEW

194 On the surface *Andorra* by the Swiss dramatist Max Frisch is about anti-Semitism, but the real theme of this first modern play to be staged by the National Theatre at the Old Vic is the dangerous human habit of putting everything—and everybody—into categories. Man, Frisch seems to be saying, has a desperate desire for labels. He needs them for other people. He needs them for himself. And it doesn't seem to matter that often the labels are tragically wrong.

Set in a mythical country which has nothing to do with the real Andorra, Frisch's play concerns a young man called Andri who has been brought up as a Jew. His supposed foster-father, a schoolmaster, claims that he rescued him 20 years earlier from a pogrom in a neighbouring state. Actually Andri is his own illegitimate son and the pogrom story is a lie.

Yet while there is not a drop of Jewish blood in Andri's body, his own and his neighbours' reactions to his supposed race prompt him to acquire the characteristics which they expect to find in him. He suffers insults with patience and an underlying resentment; becomes, in effect, a Jew because he and those around him think he is one. When his father forbids him to marry the girl with whom he has fallen in love he concludes that the reason is racial prejudice (he does not realise she is his sister) and when Andorra is invaded by the adjoining Nazi-like country he accepts death as a Jewish martyr. By then he has been told the truth about himself, but it is too late for him to believe it.

Tom Courtenay adds to his growing reputation as an actor of rare sensitivity with his performance as Andri and, under the direction of Lindsay Anderson, the acting of Diana Wynyard, Cyril Cusack, Lynn Redgrave and Robert Stephens has some splendid touches of imagination.



Above: Tom Courtenay with Diana Wynyard, his mother in the play
Right: Andri (Tom Courtenay) is beaten up by Jew-baiters
Top right: Cyril Cusack and Diana Wynyard as the guilty parents who allow their son to believe a lie

Above: Andri is dead and his sister (Lynn Redgrave) is comforted by a priest (Robert Stephens)
Top: With their heads covered and without shoes, the Andorrans are forced to parade before an Inspector who can spot Jews by their feet
Left: Andri's mother is killed by a stone and Andri is accused of being responsible for her death

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

196

ROYAL VISIT TO AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother is seen, right, with the Australian High Commissioner Sir Eric Harrison, when she lunched with him at his home in Hyde Park Gate, London. She was to leave for her tour of New Zealand and Australia on February 8, flying by Qantas Airline to Fiji, where she will board the Royal Yacht *Britannia* for the rest of the journey. The Queen Mother is due to arrive in Auckland, New Zealand, on February 14. Her full programme includes a visit to the new National Women's Hospital in Auckland which she is to open. On February 28 the Queen Mother arrives at Canberra, Australia. Among highlights of her tour will be the opening of Adelaide's Third Festival of Arts of which she is Patron.

Above: The first Vice-Chancellor of the new Chinese University of Hong Kong, Dr Choh-Ming Li is in England as the guest of the British Council. He is seen (right) with Mr I. C. Maxwell, Secretary of the Inter-University for Higher Education Overseas, at the Council's offices in Woburn Square, London. Dr Choh-Ming Li has also been meeting the Vice-Chancellors of the Universities of London and Sussex to discuss the British system of university administration

Top: At the Qantas Gallery in London, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Robert George (centre) looks at a painting of the *Foothills of Flinders* by an Australian artist, Sir Hans Heyson. With him are Sir Eric and Lady Harrison. Sir Robert, a former Governor of South Australia, was opening an exhibition at the Gallery

Right: The Premier of Nyasaland, Dr Hastings Banda, waves before boarding the first aircraft to arrive at Blantyre in the red, white and black colours of Air Malawi. He travelled in the plane, a DC-3, from Blantyre to Lilonge. In the right foreground is the Chief Executive of Central African Airways, Mr M. Stuart-Shaw

Left: Arriving in New Delhi to attend India's Republic Day Parade, Earl Mountbatten of Burma is greeted by his old friend, the Indian Premier, Mr Nehru. Earl Mountbatten, Chief of the Defence Staff and the last British Viceroy of India, was on a six-day visit. Between him and Mr Nehru is India's Minister of Defence, Mr Y. B. Chavan. India was declared a republic on 26 January 1950, two years after independence

Below: In London, Republic Day was celebrated by a reception at India House. Here, Mr John Boyd-Carpenter and his wife are greeted by the Indian High Commissioner in London, Dr Jivraj Mehta and his wife

Bottom: Another guest at the reception in London was Mr Duncan Sandys, the British Commonwealth and Colonial Secretary. He is seen with his wife talking to the Deputy Indian High Commissioner, Mr Kewall Singh

Bottom left: The Camel Corps, among the smartest and best drilled of India's troops, takes part in the Republic Day Parade in New Delhi. Mounted on camels and armed with rifles the Corps has a defence role in the desert area of Rajasthan

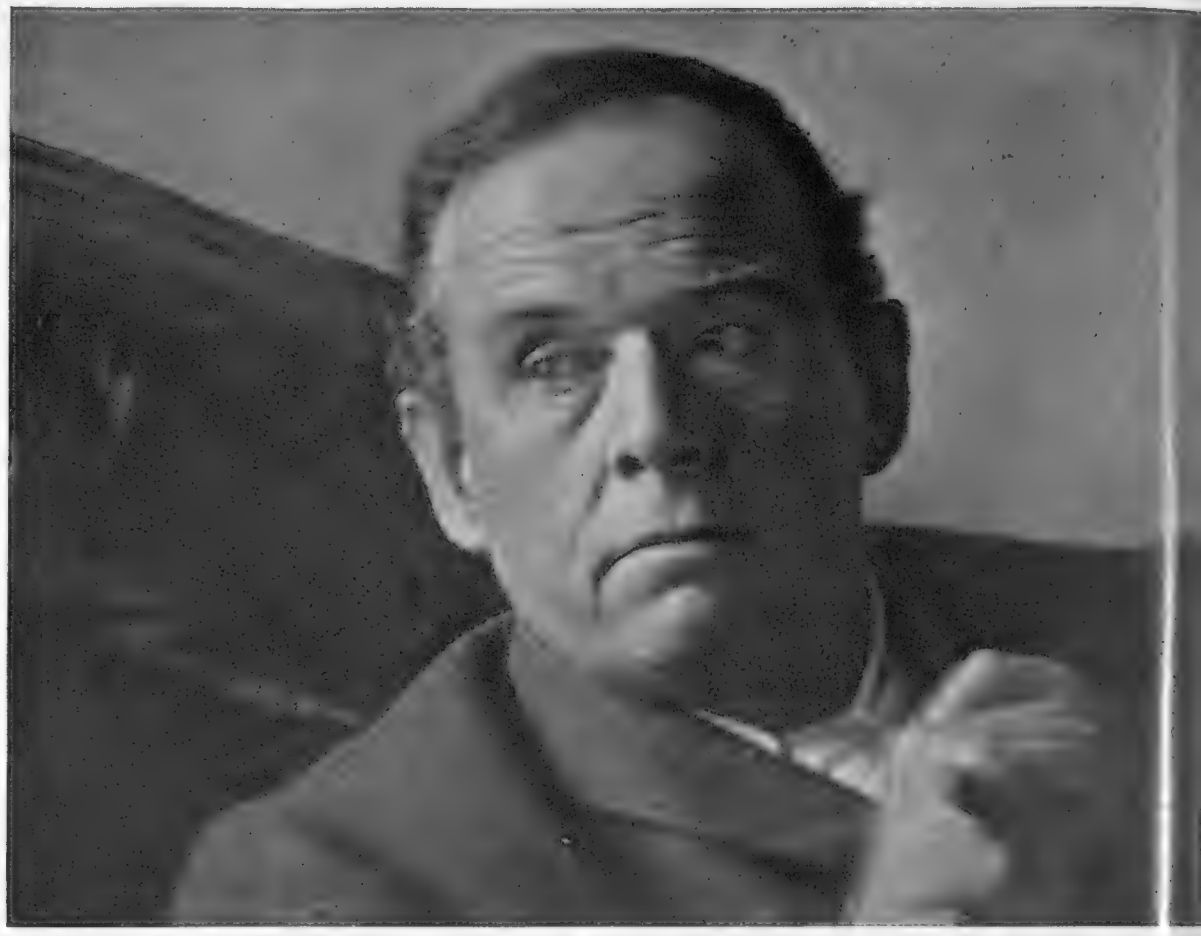
AUSTRALIAN IMPRESSIONIST

198 Many who know a lot about Impressionist Painting may not yet know the work of John P. Russell. A new interest has arisen in this expatriate Australian painter, whose name has for long been associated with the great figures of the Impressionist School. Reference books, covering in detail the lives of painters working in Paris through the highly productive period of the 1880's, make passing mention of him, but chiefly by virtue of his friendship with artists of world fame, Van Gogh, Monet, Rodin, Pissaro and many others. Handbooks on Australian painting give him more space in his own right, for he was the country's first important expatriate painter.

Russell was a comparatively wealthy man. He was not compelled to live by selling his works. He resolved early not to compete with impoverished fellow painters in Paris, even to the point of withholding his work from exhibition.

When Russell finally left Europe to return to Australia in 1921, his Paris studio was filled with paintings he had made over 40 years, together with work given to him by friends, Van Gogh, Rodin, Bates, Sisley and Mackennel. The key of the studio he left with his daughter, Jeanne Jouve, who had married a French doctor. Jeanne died during the German occupation of France, and the entire contents of the studio vanished without trace. It is this, above all, which accounts for the relative obscurity of Russell as a painter.

Of Russell's work that is known to exist, 14 paintings are in the French National Collection at the Musée Rodin, Paris. There is a striking portrait of Van Gogh in the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam and another of Dr Maloney in Melbourne, Australia. Several oils and water-colours are in the hands of Russell's son and grandson, and these are in the process of being documented by Mr Donald Finley, of Australia House, London. The paintings show Russell to have been a master of the impressionist technique. In black and white, they reveal nothing of the absorbing interest in colour characteristic of the Impressionists. Russell employed a high-keyed palette with obvious skill and his work was praised lavishly by his contemporaries, though no great individuality as a painter is revealed in four of his oils that have been hanging in Australia House recently. As a result of the dispersal of his work, Russell's true artistic personality must remain a mystery until more of his paintings have been traced.



J. P. Russell's life

The details of Russell's restless life make a fascinating study. His grandfather was Scottish, emigrating to Australia from Kirkcaldy after a row with the elders of the kirk about the use of an organ he had presented. When Russell was born in Sydney in 1858, his family was prospering from the ownership of a leading engineering firm. At 18, he was sent to England to be "Gentleman-Apprentice" with Robey's of Lincoln, in preparation for a career in the family business. Then it was that Russell began to paint, producing at first tight little water-colours in the Academic style. His father's death rushed him back to Sydney, but his urge to paint was stronger than his desire to join the family firm. In Australia of that time, there was no great enthusiasm for art. But there was in Paris, and there Russell went in 1880, in company with another young Australian painter, Tom Roberts. The light-loving technique of Impressionism was already accepted and was dispelling the conventional gloom from the canvases of art students. Russell acquired a studio in the Impasse Hélène, Clichy, and enrolled with the School of Fernand Cormon. There he joined a circle of young painters who were in continual revolt against the dry academicism of Cormon. Among them were Emile Bernard, Louis Anguetin and Van Gogh, with whom he forged a strong friendship.

It was during these early days that Russell met and married Mariana Matiocco, declared by Rodin to be the most beautiful woman in

Above: *Study of a Nude.* This study of Madame Russell by the Australian painter J. P. Russell is in the French National Collection at the Musée Rodin in Paris

Top: A photograph of the painter taken around 1918 when he was in England. Moving from Streatham to Swanage and to Lyme Regis he did no painting at this time

Above: Russell's *Portrait of Van Gogh* in the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam. This was Van Gogh's favourite portrait of himself. He and Russell met in Paris as students at the Ecole Cormon. Russell was the only friend with whom Van Gogh corresponded in English

Above left: *Aiguilles à Belle-Ile*, in the French National Collection, Paris. Russell and his family lived at Goulphar on Belle-Ile and were visited there by many well-known painters, among them Monet and Matisse

Left: Helping the Russell household was an old sailor named Hippolyte Guillaume. This painting of the old man is marked *Mon Ami Polite* by Russell and signed, as most of his paintings seem to have been. This painting is one of several in the collection of Alain Russell, the artist's son, now living in Sussex

The article on these three pages was written with the help of the painter's daughter-in-law, Dorothy Russell

AUSTRALIAN IMPRESSIONIST *continued from page 199*

France. Rodin became a close friend of the Russell family, often inviting them to his home in Meudon. After a brief visit to Sicily in 1887, the Russells returned to France and settled on Belle-Ile off the Brittany coast, where they had decided to build their home. The project for the house at Goulphar was typical of Russell's energy and competence. Designed by himself and built with local labour, it followed the style of an English country house.

Streams of friends were to visit them there over the next few years. Sarah Bernhardt lived at the other end of the island, but he did not take to her or to her entourage. Claude Monet visited Belle-Ile on several occasions, and painted with Russell there, claiming in a letter to Berthe Morisot that Russell's paintings of the beautiful, sinister landscape were better than his own. Monet, too, painted Hyppolyte Guillaume, former sailor, who as " Père Polite " became general handyman to the Russell household and spell-binding story-teller to the six Russell children. Another visitor was the young Matisse, who studied with Russell in 1886 and 1887.

Life and painting continued at Belle-Ile until 1907, when Mariana died. Russell sold Goulphar and sent his sons, as he had been, to school in England. Meanwhile he wandered restlessly between France, Switzerland and Italy, painting many water-colours but few oils during this period. In Genoa, he married his second wife, Felize Merril. In the following year war broke out and the Russells took refuge in England, living at various places in the south and making wooden equipment for the Red Cross. After the war, in 1921, Russell returned finally to Australia, settling for his remaining years at Watson's Bay, Sydney, where he met again two friends of his youth, Sir Bertram Mackennel and Dr Maloney. Painting energetically as of old, and busy with ambitious projects for the improvement of his property, John Russell lived until 1931, dying at the age of 73, virtually unknown as a painter in his own country.

Top left: A photograph of the painter taken at Schönried, Gstaad, Switzerland, in 1913

Top: *The Bay of Goulphar* on Belle-Ile by John Russell. This is one of the paintings by Russell in the French National Collection at the Musée Rodin. The girl is Russell's daughter, Jeanne

Above left: A study of children, probably Russell's own, on the beach. This is also in the French National Collection

Above: Madame Russell was a favourite model of the sculptor Rodin. E. Fremiet also used her for this statue of Joan of Arc in Melbourne

Left: A water-colour of the Swiss Alps by Russell in the collection of Alain Russell, the painter's son

CAMBODIA WANTS TO BE NEUTRAL

Above: Cambodian standard of living is not high, but there is plenty of fruit in the street markets of Phnom Penh, the capital city
Top: Girls scatter a carpet of jasmin petals for Prince Norodom Sihanouk, Cambodia's head of state (right) and his recent guest, President Sukarno of Indonesia
Right: Shaded by his umbrella, a saffron-robed monk strolls beside the royal palace

Cambodia, land of elephant forests, Buddhist temples, yellow-garbed monks and tall-hatted dancing girls, is also the land of one of South East Asia's most enthusiastic neutrals, Prince Norodom Sihanouk. The oft-repeated desire of the Prince, Cambodia's head of state, that the neutrality of his country should be guaranteed internationally is among the special concerns of Mr R. A. Butler, Britain's Foreign Secretary, who last week told the House of Commons that drafts of documents on Cambodian neutrality had been prepared.

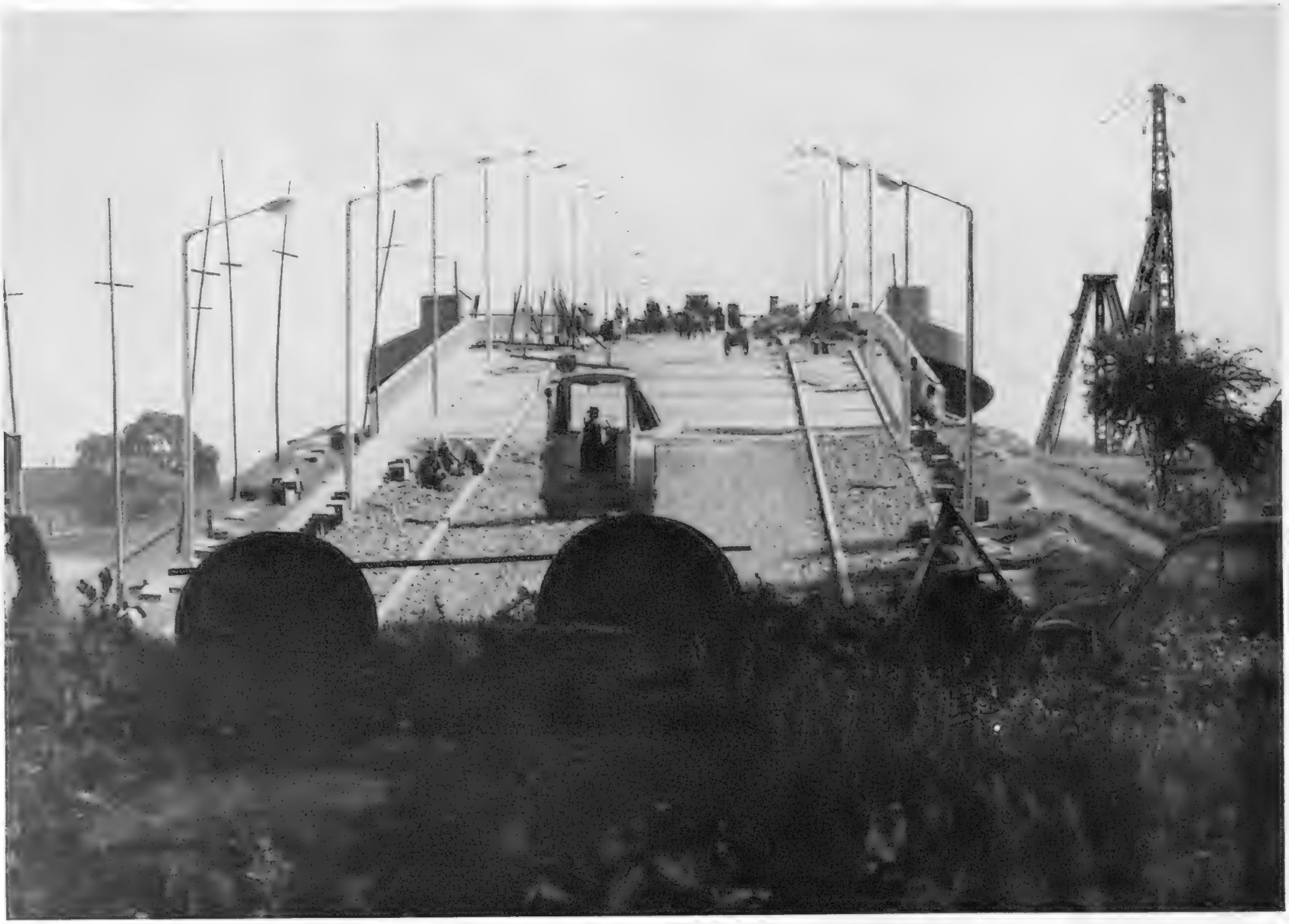
In November of last year the Prince renewed his proposal (first made in 1962) that an international conference should be held on the neutrality question and to safeguard Cambodia's territorial integrity, threatened, he alleged, by " aggressive acts " on the part of her neighbours, Thailand and South Vietnam. The conference, he suggested, should be on the lines of that held in 1961-62 in Geneva which provided international guarantees for the neutrality of Laos, another of Cambodia's neighbours. Britain and Russia were co-chairmen of the Laos conference and Russia has proposed that they should issue invitations for a new *continued on page 204*

CAMBODIA WANTS TO BE NEUTRAL *continued from page 201*

Above: Dancing girls, wearing traditional costumes, weave their sinuous way through a Phnom Penh parade
Right: Marching with banners in the same parade are these well-muscled girl athletes. Cambodia, once a French protectorate, is a land of many contrasts

Above: Pedicabs still compete successfully with the modern taxi in Cambodia's capital
Top: Rush hour in Phnom Penh sees Cambodians at their least easy-going. Those who can't get seats in a bus ride on the roof with bicycles and chickens. The city has a population of 403,000

CAMBODIA WANTS TO BE NEUTRAL *continued from page 203*



discussion on Cambodia to meet at Geneva in April.

Britain's response has been somewhat cautious. As Mr Butler told the Commons when he spoke of the draft documents on neutrality: "We are considering our reply in the light of our attempts, through normal diplomatic channels, to prepare a generally acceptable basis for such a conference." But Prince Sihanouk, he said, had welcomed the drafts which were documents "such as a conference might agree to."

Apart from Britain, Russia and Cambodia, the 14 nations who took part in the Laos conference were the US, France, China, North Vietnam, South Vietnam, Laos, Thailand, Canada, India, Burma and Poland. The feeling in Whitehall has been that more "soundings" among them should be made before they meet again to discuss Cambodia—a country with a population of 5·75 million most of whom are engaged in agriculture, fishing and forestry.

Certainly, Prince Sihanouk has shown that he is not afraid to pay a high price for neutrality. Last November, proclaiming that Cambodia would go it alone without help from east or west, he cancelled all American aid, a decision which has cost his not over-wealthy country an estimated £10 million a year.

Above: Many citizens of Phnom Penh live on the river in simple barge-houses made of odd materials

Top: Despite go-it-alone policy, the Japanese are helping to build this bridge over the Toule Sap River

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE WILD FLOWERS OF WINTER

Cold is the winter day, misty and dark:
The sunless sky with faded gleams is rent:
And patches of thin snow outlying, mark
The landscape with a drear disfigurement.

The lines are taken from Robert Bridges' poem "January." And I wonder how often the word "drear" would occur in a January anthology!

Strangely enough, almost all the poets who have really let themselves go about the dreariness of January have been townsmen. And I suppose that, if you live in a town, January must be a pretty dreary month. The early darkness, the slush-covered pavements—and, nowadays, the likelihood of an electricity cut every time the thermometer shows a degree or two below freezing point—well, I do not know that you can really blame the poets. But in the country? Well, we had a pretty heavy snowfall early in the month—in the last few years the south of England seems to have had heavier snowfalls than the north—but the middle of the month, though cold, with the frost white and hard the day through in the hollows and the tree-sheltered places, was brilliantly sunny and, away from the trees and the frost that lay in their shadow, at least in the short period of the sun's ascendancy, as warm, deceptively warm, as many a late February, many an early March, day. In the days that followed immediately upon the passing of the first snow it really did seem, and more than once, in that brief hour or so that spring was not far distant, winter a fiction. Indeed, one day I found myself repeating Edmund Blunden:

What is winter? A word,
A figure, a clever guess.
That time-word does not answer to
This drowsy wakefulness.

How true of many a day in January (save only in such an exceptional month as January 1963): again with that exception, how true of many more days—because of the longer light rather than the temperature—in February. Everything looks about as cold and as dead as could be: and then, suddenly, you see . . . maybe a brown bud on the beech, maybe a horse-chestnut bud erect and soldierly, maybe a catkin on the hazel, maybe a wild flower.

It is the first wild flower that always excites me. I do not count the garden flowers—you can have flowers in bloom in the garden in every month of the year, especially if you go in for heathers; but you do not leave them to look after themselves. You fight winter on their behalf. And I do not count the snowdrop or the aconite. I am very suspicious of any snowdrop I see outside a garden before the end of February, and the aconite is definitely an escapee from gardens that has become naturalised in certain thickets and woods: never, in my experience, very far from human habitation. And I do not think that one should really count gorse, since gorse is in flower somewhere in every month of the year. That does not leave many wild flowers that, with any degree of certainty, you can count upon seeing in January or the first fortnight of February. And most people, I think, do not regard those that you can count upon as flowers at all: but rather as weeds.

Of course, there is spurge laurel. You can be sure of that in any normal January. But the flowers are green; and few people think of green as a flower colour. And, of course, there is mezereon: that is, if you live in the south of England and know where to look, for even in the south of England it is a rare plant. And, even when you do know where to look, it is easy to overlook: for the small purple flowers—they are sweetly scented, by the way—come before the leaves and as the plant grows only in shady woodlands, this does not make the small drooping clusters any the easier to see.

What have we left? The sweet violet, the barren strawberry, the daisy? All may be seen in January in a really mild and open year, but all properly belong to the latter half of February. And for the rest, just the weeds: coltsfoot, chickweed, groundsel, shepherd's purse. What is a weed? Emerson answered the question: "A plant whose virtues have not yet been discovered." Coltsfoot, which is mainly a plant of cultivated ground, is beautiful, one of the most beautiful of all the *compositae*; yet how anxious we are to get it out of the garden. And do you like groundsel in the garden? Would you encourage chickweed or shepherd's purse? In the garden, these have no place and are dealt with ruthlessly. The gardener does not even pause to look at the flower: indeed, I fancy there is many a gardener could not even tell you the colour of the flower of chickweed. But see the tiny white stars on waste ground in January: and there's a sight to gladden the heart. So, too, with shepherd's purse, which is very definitely a January flower, and which is sometimes known as pickpocket. John Clare loved shepherd's purse:

And why? this shepherd's purse that grows
In this strange spot, in days gone bye
Grew in the little garden rows
Of my old home now left: and I
Feel what I never felt before,
This weed an ancient neighbour here,
And though I own the spot no more
In every trifle makes it dear.

When I see shepherd's purse, so bravely flowering in January on some inhospitable bare patch of waste ground, I feel ashamed at the thought of what I shall be doing to it in my garden in May.

But the flower I like to see above all others in January, at least before the middle of February, perhaps because it is not strictly a January flower, is the dandelion; which, if it was not a weed and so common, would be recognised as one of the most beautiful of all wild flowers. Walt Whitman also had a feeling for the first dandelion of the year:

Simple and fresh and fair from winter's close emerging,
As if no artifice of fashion, business, politics had ever been,
Forth from the sunny nook of its shelter'd grass—innocent, golden, calm as the down,
The spring's first dandelion shows its trustful face.

Yes, "spring's first dandelion": even in January.

There is an old country doggerel:

Dandelion gold before Valentine's Day
Means a windy March and a tropic May.

In other words, its a jolly good sign. Have you seen one yet?

Frost-covered primroses make a brave appearance in late winter

TO THE FAIR BY SYLVIE NICKELS

206 Now that the long, long battle is over, we can at last take stock of the new transatlantic air fares effective from April 1 (though as we go to press, they are still subject to government approval). The picture is encouraging. The 21-day excursion fare London-New York sinks by nearly £18 to £107 3s, and is now valid for travel from Mondays to Thursdays most of the year, except for the peak periods of June 5-28 and August 21 to September 13, and during the winter period November 6-February 14. Economy fares are reduced by £36 to £142 10s return, except during the summer season (July 17-September 28) when the reduction is by £5 to £173 2s. First class passengers, proportionately, fare best of all: a reduction of £68 brings the round trip down to £254 11s.

The date limitations referred to are for westbound flights; eastbound, they differ a little, and if it seems rather confusing, BOAC have come to the rescue with a shaded pocket calendar to make it clear. It is not so many years ago since we were pleading with the Government to allow us even a minimum number of dollars to go to the United States. Now we can take as much as we like within reason, travel independently for little more than £100 return—and, literally, go to the Fair.

The last New York World's Fair took place 25 years ago in those less auspicious years of 1939/40. Now, in just over ten weeks' time, this monumental tribute to the achievements—cultural, industrial and scientific—of the world in general and the United States in particular opens its doors for a total of 360 days (April 22-October 18, 1964, and April 21-October 17, 1965), with an anticipated total of 70 million visitors. It rises on the same site as its predecessor in Flushing Meadow Park, less than 10 miles from Times Square. The parks and lakes and architectural fantasies of its 646 acres are divided into five areas: Industrial, International (nearly 40 countries represented), Federal and State, Transportation and, by no means least of all, Amusement.

The Fair can be reached by car, bus, underground, taxi, rail, boat or helicopter; and the special facilities offered by scheduled regional airlines: unlimited travel on any or all of a dozen airlines for 15 days for $100 (£35 14s) or 45 days for $200 (£71 8s), surely the cheapest air bargain in the world. Young persons under 22 years of age accompanying their parents can travel for half fare. Valid for up to 99 days are the $99 " travel-where-you-will " tickets offered by Greyhound or Continental Trailways coach lines for travel on any of their combined services all over the United States. These must be purchased outside the US.

This year's range of all-in tours to the US is tremendous, starting with American Express (6 Haymarket, S.W.1) arrangements for a brief three-day (two nights) glimpse of the Fair and extending to the same company's fully fledged 27-day escorted tour of the States and Canada, Fair included. Specially interesting is their " double offer " of attendance at the Fair and the Metropolitan Opera's Gala Season in New York on a 21-day escorted tour leaving London on April 10, and crossing the entire North American continent.

Cunard have a fine programme of all-in arrangements linked with their regular sailings of the *Queens*, which give eight nights in New York for from £34 per person, including breakfast, several sightseeing tours and the Fair; also a series of drive-yourself tours from New York, staying in motels. Travel Savings Association's three 18-day cruises (June 10, 28 and August 4) with the *Reina del Mar*, also visit the Fair during their three days' stay in New York, where the ship is used as an hotel. Wakefield Fortune (52 Haymarket, S.W.1) have a 15-day arrangement in which a visit to the Fair is followed by ten days in Miami. A similar combination, but with overnight stops in Washington, North Carolina and Florida, comes from Whatley Whittaker and Co. (10 Duke Street, Wigmore Street, W.1). Swans' (260-261 Tottenham Court Road, W.1) have an extremely wide programme with tours from London based either on one American

The 20,234-ton *Reina del Mar*, seen here in Panama Canal, will be used as an hotel by visitors to New York Fair

Transport available to Fair visitors will include helicopters. Th

is la g at the Fair's heliport which is on top of a building

city (16 days) or travelling from coast to coast (21 days). Tropicair's arrangements (23/24 The Royal Exchange, Threadneedle Street, E.C.3) start with an amazingly low budget week in New York from £135 ex-London, with travel by Loftleidir Icelandic Airlines; another arrangement combines New York with Bermuda.

One of the most original programmes comes from Horizon Travel (21 Maddox Street, W.1). Apart from the more well-worn trails, they have a most attractive suggestion for a 10-day cruise on the Mississippi, joining one of the really old-time steamers at New Orleans and proceeding via Baton Rouge, Natchez and Memphis to Cincinnati, whence you fly back to New York. The whole arrangement from London (with air travel) lasts 21 days, including New York, Washington and Greyhound coach travel through Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama to New Orleans.

For further tourist information: United States Travel Service, 10 Vigo Street, London, W.1.

Above: Mount Vernon, ancestral home of George Washington, is 15 miles from the United States capital. Thousands of visitors flock to it every year

Above left: Miami Beach, Florida where some cruise passengers will relax after the rigours of the Fair

Top: The 269-year-old Great Building of the College of William and Mary at Williamsburg, Virginia, was designed by Christopher Wren. The restored city of Williamsburg, once the colonial capital of Virginia, is one of America's greatest tourist attractions

Left: Jackson Square, New Orleans. In the background is St. Louis Cathedral, built in 1794

WHEN TREATIES WERE BEING SIGNED

208 **Peace in Their Time** by Emery Kelen: Gollancz. 25s, gives us a view of the world of international diplomacy as seen through the unusually observant eyes of a distinguished Hungarian cartoonist. Mr Kelen was old enough to be an unenthusiastic soldier in the Austro-Hungarian army in the First World War, to have taken a dim view of the successive regimes of Bela Kun and Horthy and to have engineered a transfer from Budapest to Switzerland at a time when treaties were being signed and the hotels of Lausanne and Geneva bulged with the great. His own caricatures and those of his partner, Derso, enliven the pages of a brightly written, thoroughly entertaining and healthily disrespectful book about his contacts with men as different as Lord Curzon and Gandhi, Nelson Rockefeller and Mussolini.

Great Train Robberies by Eugene B. Block: Alvin Redman. 18s. Although our own country can claim the doubtful honour of being the scene of the greatest train robbery of all time Mr Block doesn't do too badly with his stories of American efforts in this line. The first train hold-up he describes took place in 1870, and this was followed by a long series in the traditional TV manner with galloping horses, barking guns and a general air of bravura. Some of the hold-ups seem to have been almost farcically easy; some of them—and I regret to say that these make the best reading—feature a great deal of gun play. Altogether, not a particularly edifying volume perhaps, but interesting as a study of period activities.

The Snow Ball by Brigid Brophy: Secker and Warburg. 16s, is a slight, delicate and beautifully written novel about one evening in the lives of a group of friends who meet and part in the course of a costume ball in a lovely old house. The principal character is dressed as Donna Anna and, perhaps inevitably, she meets an unknown and masked Don Giovanni with whom she spends a few hours of charmed time, enjoying the mutual thrust and parry of verbal fencing and falling, like him, a little in love. There are many other undercurrents to this civilised entertainment, and of them Miss Brophy writes with the grace and the acuity which we expect from her. It could be said that this little book is about nothing in particular but, more accurately, it could be judged a small work of art in itself.

Countess Tarnovska by Hans Habe: Harrap. 21s, translated by Catherine Hutter. This is the story of one of the most extraordinary women who can ever have lived, for she was in the most exact sense of the term a *femme fatale*. Half Russian, half Irish, she grew up on a big Russian estate and married Count Tarnovsky when she was still young. Her life with him was wild, luxurious and unsettled. Together they started on the European travel which she was to pursue to a frenzied degree until the day of her arrest. Tarnovsky had mistresses; Maria took lovers. The pattern is not necessarily a unique one. But in her case what gave it a strange and terrible significance was the effect that she had on the men who loved her. They shot each other in duels, committed suicide, went mad, ruined themselves and, in one case, joined a religious order. Maria herself went through phases of violence and phases of drug-taking, but she was still a young and certainly still a beautiful woman when the police became aware that she was inciting one of her lovers to help another to murder a third. Even her trial at Venice was disrupted by counsel and jurors becoming infatuated with her. Her story is very nearly unbelievable: it just happens to be true and Mr Habe has told it with all a story-teller's magic.

This for Caroline by Doris Leslie: Heinemann. 21s, could be said to be an apologia for Lady Caroline Lamb, that pretty creature whose violent tantrums wore out the patience of a loving husband and roused a passion of contempt in Lord Byron. I have always thought her myself to be one of the most irritating creatures in the history of English literature, but Miss Leslie, as is her right, takes an opposite view and presents her heroine as lovely, which she undoubtedly was, spirited and brilliantly intelligent. Caroline is shown from childhood in Devonshire House with her cousins, through the happy early days of her marriage to the future Lord Melbourne, and also through the agonies of her relatively brief affair with the poet, till she took to novel-writing and to increasing bouts of mental unsteadiness. I cannot say that the author converted me to her opinion, but her romantic version of a peculiarly untidy life did at least lead me to take a fresh look at an odd character.

Salt by Herbert Gold: Secker and Warburg. 21s, is a novel of New York, and however pharasaical it may sound I am extremely glad that it's not the New York that I know. The story deals with a good-looking young man whose major preoccupations are making money on the Stock Exchange and winning girls to his bed but not his board, since he is something of a frugal fruit-eater. He has a friend whose marriage has collapsed, and this young man

HISTORY AND LIFE

Journey into Russia by Laurens van der Post: Hogarth Press. 30s.

The American Revolution by Hugh Rankin: Secker and Warburg. 36s.

Camford Observed by Jasper Rose and John Ziman: Gollancz. 25s.

The Secret History of the Mongols by Arthur Waley: Allen and Unwin. 32s.

Mother Sea by Elis Karlsson: Oxford University Press. 30s.

A Forestry Venture by W. E. Hiley: Faber and Faber. 42s.

That seasoned traveller and experienced narrator Laurens van der Post has essayed some immense journeys in the Soviet Union, covering first of all the usual tourist circuit, Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev and the Black Sea ports, but seeing also the region of Samarkand and the virgin lands north of the Afghanistan border, the central Asian cities of Irkutsk and Novosibirsk, and far eastern Siberia as well. What is chiefly remarkable about these journeyings is the extent to which Colonel van der Post mingled with the people. In *Journey into Russia* he sets down his keenly observed impressions with candour and often with enthusiasm for what he has seen, particularly in the field of industrial development. Like most travellers he is well-nigh overwhelmed by the feeling of immensity conjured up by that vast grey land.

He is perhaps most discouraged by the spirit of conformism that seems to pervade the nation, not least the priggishness and prudishness of official Soviet man. When he says that only at the circus is there a place where the real masses can let their feelings go he is clearly forgetting the power of modern football as a mode of release. Colonel van der Post pays tribute to many aspects of Russian life; in fact he goes out of his way to record the plus signs, and he is particularly enthusiastic about the Russian attitude to the preservation of places of historic worth. There is no limit indeed to the love and care they will lavish on such places as the great monastery at Kiev, a cradle of the Christian faith along the Dnieper, and the monuments of Samarkand and Bukhara.

The *History in the Making* series describing great events through documents left by eye-witnesses is proving most effective, in large measure because of the quality of editing. The latest volume *The American Revolution* has been compiled by Hugh F. Rankin, who has drawn freely on letters, diaries, despatches and reminiscences to create a vivid symposium. Rebels, Redcoats, Patriots and Tories have all contributed to these pages. Although war and politics dominate the story there are some revealing sidelights on the financial plight of the new nation, as witness the action of Joseph Plumb Martin who, having been paid the astronomical wage of 1,200 paper dollars for rounding up negro slaves, promptly spent the entire amount on a pint of rum.

Jasper Rose and John Ziman belong to the younger generation engaged in Cambridge affairs; they are indeed stormy petrels of the university scene. *Camford Observed* is an investigation of Oxford and Cambridge, and an investigation of the problems of living in, and running, these "antiquated, complicated and immensely powerful corporations." Messrs. Rose and Ziman do some very hard hitting in this volume, which ends on the note that if these two universities were temporarily and deliberately stinted of public funds and other universities more favoured in respect of expansion for new sciences and technology, it might be for the general good. "Too much cream may," they say, "be the diagnosis of many of our present ills."

The Secret History of the Mongols, a 13th-century saga forming some of the most primitive literature to be found anywhere in the world, is the centrepiece of Arthur Waley's latest scholarly volume made up of his broadcasts, articles and translations of the past 12 years. Hitherto this has been a work only for scholars; Mr Waley now presents it as an absorbing narrative that takes us into quite another world.

Experiences of the last days of romantic sail never seem to pall, perhaps because they are apt

he attracts to New York where he thinks to console him by passing on a much loved but redundant girl friend. The tale of their amours, promiscuities and other problems is recounted successively by each of the trio, all of whom seem to inhabit a world without loyalty, balance or even laughter. I confess that I began to find them three young but portentous bores before the end of the novel and to long for the leaven of humour.

The Whistling Zone by Herbert Kubly: W. H. Allen. 25s, is a novel about an American university in the Middle West and one that might, I think, raise the hair on many an academic head. For Mr Kubly pulls no punches, shows few reticences and is as outspoken on the subject of sex as on horseplay, religious revival or drunkenness. It is an extraordinary picture of university life, as one can scarcely believe it is lived even on a distant campus, and when I add that one of the more dramatic moments of the book concerns the mass rape of a dwarf, you will have some idea of the kind of sensational stuff that it contains.

Where the Sun Never Sets by Jerome Weidman: Heinemann. 21s, is a volume of a dozen short stories by one of the most accomplished of contemporary American novelists. Most of them show Mr Weidman in a fairly light mood; all of them are polished, but in spite of their technical strength I would not say that this literary form showed the writer at his best. Some of the stories are too slight and episodic to stand the stringencies of the short story form and only one of them, *Invicta!*, reaches anything like a neo-Maugham level. But they are readable for all that. **Vernon Fane**

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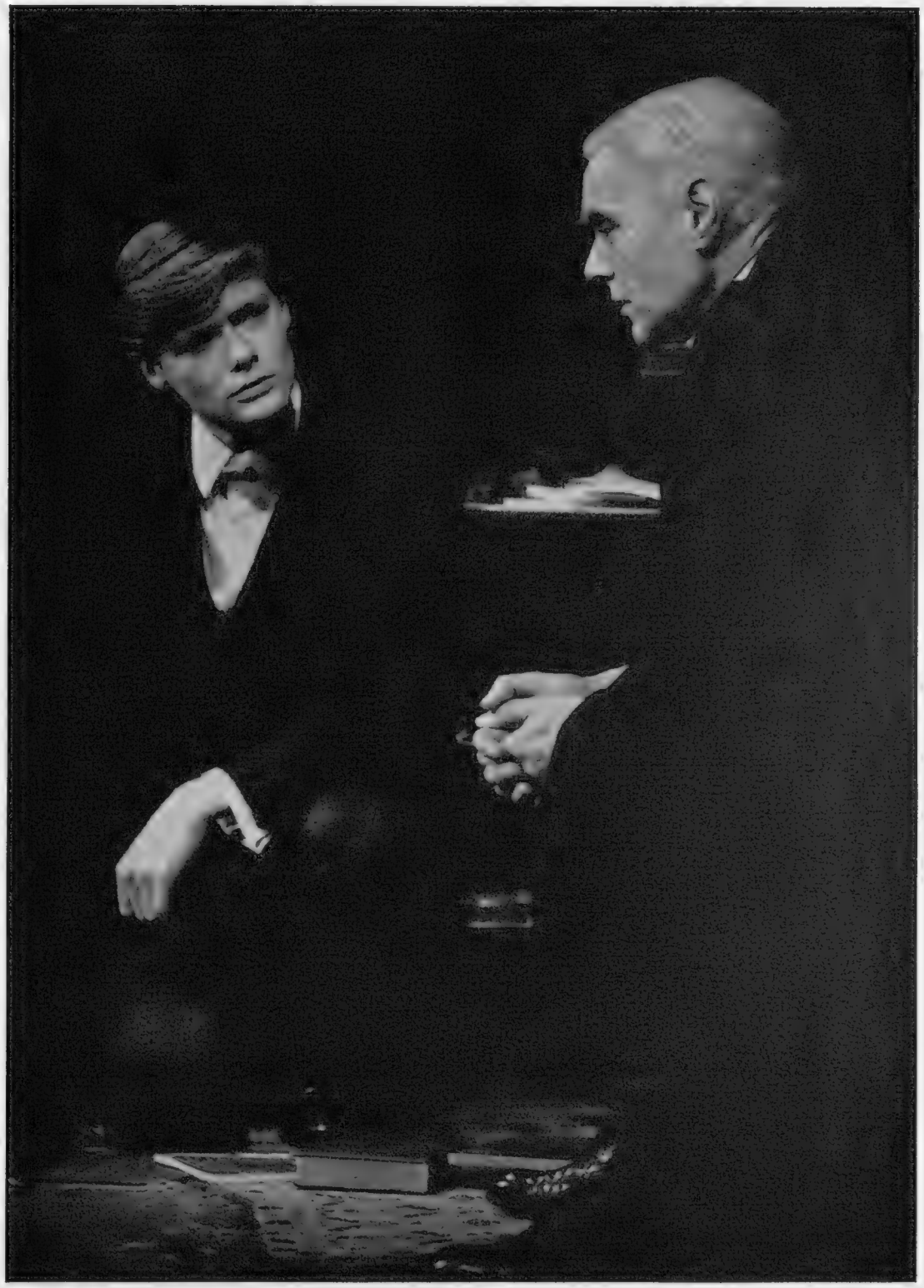
o be well written and because the sea seems to breed good writers. Elis Karlsson is no exception, and this man who sailed in the famous four-masted barque *Herzogin Cecilie*, one of the ship's of the Erikson fleet operating from Marienhamm, tells in *Mother Sea* first of his life as an apprentice in that ship and then as chief Mate. Of the hardship and the danger of these long voyages via the Horn, Mr Karlsson does not make light, but he makes the point that it was probably no more dangerous than trying to cross the street in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, where he now lives, or for that matter any other highly trafficated town. The climax to the narrative is the end of the *Herzogin Cecilie*, or the *Duchess* as she was fondly known, on the Hamstone off Bolt Head. It proved indeed to be the end of a sailing era.

W. E. Hiley was a man with an originality of mind that led him to dispute many long-established ideas in the realm of forestry, and this he did in a most unorthodox career, eventually becoming a practising forester in order to prove in practice the economic theories he had taught so boldly at Oxford. *A Forestry Venture* is the story of his Dartington experiment in which he tried out new methods in management and in measuring the profitability of forestry. A chapter by L. K. Elmhirst examines the celebrated project in perspective and draws certain important conclusions. **Richard Edmonds**

BEATING AT ETON



ANTHONY CRICKMAY

Above: Appalled at the beating, the sensitive Phillips (Simon Ward) talks things over with his housemaster (David Markham)

Left: Defries (left), the captain of the house (Malcolm Gerard) and his fag Bigby (Martin Norton)

ETON is the setting of *The Fourth of June* at the St. Martin's Theatre. Author David Benedictus, an Old Etonian himself, finds a catalyst for his plot in the savage beating of a former grammar school boy who has been sent to Eton as the "guinea-pig" in an educational experiment. The effect of this on the other characters makes an interesting study in psychological interplay, but it may be felt that the author has over-stressed the more sensational aspects of public school life.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **W. CLIFFORD ATKINS**

Mr W. Clifford Atkins is Chairman of Harris & Sheldon (Holdings) Ltd., which owns a group of companies concerned with shopfitting, display, lift installation and equipment for the motor trade. The interests of his group have been widened recently by the acquisition of J. B. Brooks (Industries) Ltd., manufacturers of Antler and Foxcroft travel goods, Evertaut seating and office furniture and English Rose kitchen equipment. A Birmingham man, Mr Atkins was born in 1900. He was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he read History and Law. He was articled to a Birmingham firm of solicitors, James, Barton & Kentish, in 1925. For 30 years, Mr Atkins was a practising solicitor in Birmingham and he is still a consultant to the firm of Atkins & Selkirk. He gave up active professional practice five years ago and now concentrates his energies on the affairs of Harris & Sheldon (Holdings) Ltd. Mr Atkins is on the boards of several other companies and has recently been elected chairman of the Midland branch of the Institute of Directors. He is married with three children and lives at Edgbaston, Birmingham. His son is articled to a firm of chartered accountants and both his daughters are married to barristers. Interested in many sports, particularly golf and sailing, Mr Atkins is a member of the committee of the Warwickshire County Cricket Club

DON'T STOP, GO

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

Nobody will have paid deeper attention to Mr Harold Wilson's speech at the end of last month about what Labour might do to the British economy than the man presently most responsible for this economy, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Reginald Maudling. Almost before Mr Wilson had finished speaking, Mr Maudling was off the mark, exposing what he regarded as the points where Labour was simply proposing what the Conservatives are already doing, and how impractical or irrelevant all the rest of its proposals might be. This is the normal cut and thrust of politics, sharpening up as an election becomes imminent; it would not necessarily have much to do with what is actually happening or may immediately be done to British business. But just now, in the present balance of the economy, it has.

Both Mr Maudling and Mr Wilson have been obliged to declare their primary commitment to growth and full employment in Britain for the time being, happen what may to the balance of payments. In the early autumn, the last, but some people argue the most probable, date for an election, there is generally a period of strain for sterling, regardless of politics. There are chances, too, that this year's strain on sterling could be accentuated by speculation about changes in the international exchange value of some other currencies, such as Germany's D-Mark. A Conservative government nearing the end of its term, or a new government of whatever colour, may have to handle this problem. But the imminence of an election has driven both parties to pledge themselves to doing so by "taking it on the reserves"—i.e. letting Britain's gold and dollar reserves slip downwards, and leaning on international banking arrangements for protection against short-term speculative movements—rather than putting the brake on growth in the British economy.

As a result, in an economy where businessmen still fear the recurrent "Stop-Go" policies that have bedevilled their own plans and prosperity in recent years, one has a period of quite firm promises that there will be no "Stop." Until the election, in particular, Mr Maudling can hardly dare to switch over to the "Stop" signal; it would be too much of a gift to Mr Wilson.

Expansionist businessmen will undoubtedly look on this as a good thing. In the City, however, and to some extent in Whitehall, emotions are a little mixed. Many people in "sound finance" are afraid that Britain has geared itself up into one of the familiar bouts of inflation; and that if it were not for political postures on both sides corrective measures might already have been applied.

It all depends on which stories from industry you credit most. A December survey in the engineering industry, admittedly covering only a very small number of firms, reported that these businesses were then working to about 82 per cent. of capacity, rather more than at the same time in 1962. But the more notable report was that by the autumn these businesses expected to be working to about 85-86 per cent. of capacity, which would be as full a degree of operation as at the peak of the 1960-61 boom. It did not take long after that level was reached last time for the "Stop" signal to flash on.

None of the current statistics yet shows this; they record output progress no later than November. The production index then did show a significant rise of 1½ points (after two months apparently level, which nobody in Whitehall quite believed). Unemployment figures have gone on down. So there's considerable circumstantial evidence of quite rapid growth; nevertheless, indications that engineering may soon be very heavily loaded indeed come as something of a surprise.

For one can still get reports from industry that parts of the capital goods industry at any rate are working well below capacity. Heavy plant makers, for example, will tell you that they are benefiting significantly from the enormous programme of capital investment that the nationalised electricity industry has in train, but that they can as yet see few signs of any recovery in private investment. And though businessmen have recently told the Board of Trade that they will be investing perhaps 10 per cent. more this year than they did last year, and hope for a further rise in 1965, these levels will still leave demand on the capital goods industries some 16 per cent. lower than in 1960-61.

Britain's engineering industries managed to supply that peak demand for capital goods three years ago, allowing for some imports of specialised machinery. And some investment of their own has matured since, which tends to increase their capacity. So at the heavy end at least, these companies don't yet feel very busy, or expect to come under strain in fulfilling the investment demands so far forecast.

What worries these businessmen is the possibility that politics apart, whoever rules us by the autumn may be inclined to restrain demand in the economy before this recovery in demand has really pulled them up much. They recognise that the strength of union bargaining, now that unemployment is coming down again, will almost certainly push wages up more than last year; and the result is already being seen in quite an array of increases in prices across industry. These are the elements of cost inflation that affect the country's international competitiveness; and though some of our European competitors are inflating more, they are already in the phase of credit restraint.

Very few businessmen that I have met believe that any kind of Prices Commission to scrutinise increases in prices that look questionable could work effectively; and many of them, in private, believe that the National Incomes Commission, too, is inherently likely to be ineffective. So you do not find many optimists about checking the rise in wages and prices here, in spite of the more hopeful attitude that the Federation of British Industries has been taking. Mr Enoch Powell's comment that the idea of a prices commission contains "more than the permissible proportion of nonsense" is echoed by quite a number of industrialists.

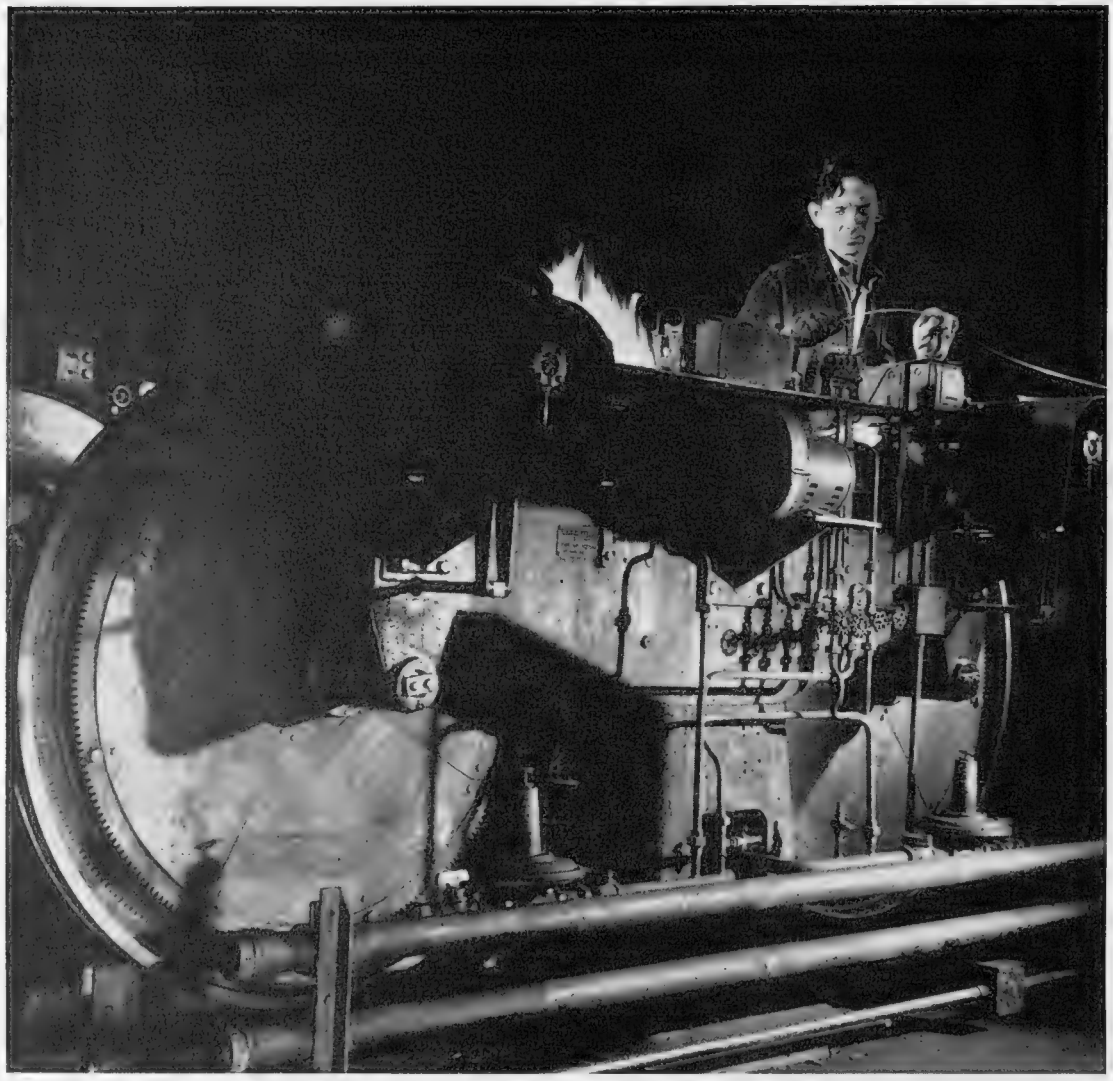
Most observers in the City are expecting some mild increase in bank rate before the Budget, but a more or less "no change" Budget in April. Mr Maudling will hardly be able to release any further boost to spending power, but almost certainly won't stiffen taxation. Neither of these measures would do much to restrain growth in the economy; but they would thus leave open the possibility of much more firm restraints by about the end of the year, after some government is in the saddle again. So businessmen are not taking too much heart from the present assurances of "go and no stop"; they are as uncertain about its continuance as they are about the result of the election when that comes.

A Scammell Transporter, designed to carry loads of up to 156 tons undergoes testing on an airfield near Dereham before shipment to Singapore, where it is to go into service with the Public Utilities Board. One of its first tasks will be to carry heavy loads such as transformers from Singapore Harbour to the Pasir Panjang Power Station. This is said to be the largest payload lorry ever exported from Britain

ACCENT ON ELECTRONICS

Photographs by **WALTER NURNBERG**

Below: At Mullard's Blackburn factory, heavy tungsten wire is drawn on a drum machine **Right:** At the Magnetic Components factory in Southport, an operator tests ferrite cores (used in television receiver transformers) in a heated oil-bath on her right **Below right:** Copper-clad wire is drawn on a chain-bench, also at Blackburn



In the electronics industry, Mullard is a leading name. The organisation's contribution ranges from the supply of basic components such as valves and transistors to highly sophisticated electronic research services. Yet all this may be unknown to the man in the street unless he has taken the back off his television set and seen the array of intricate components inside.

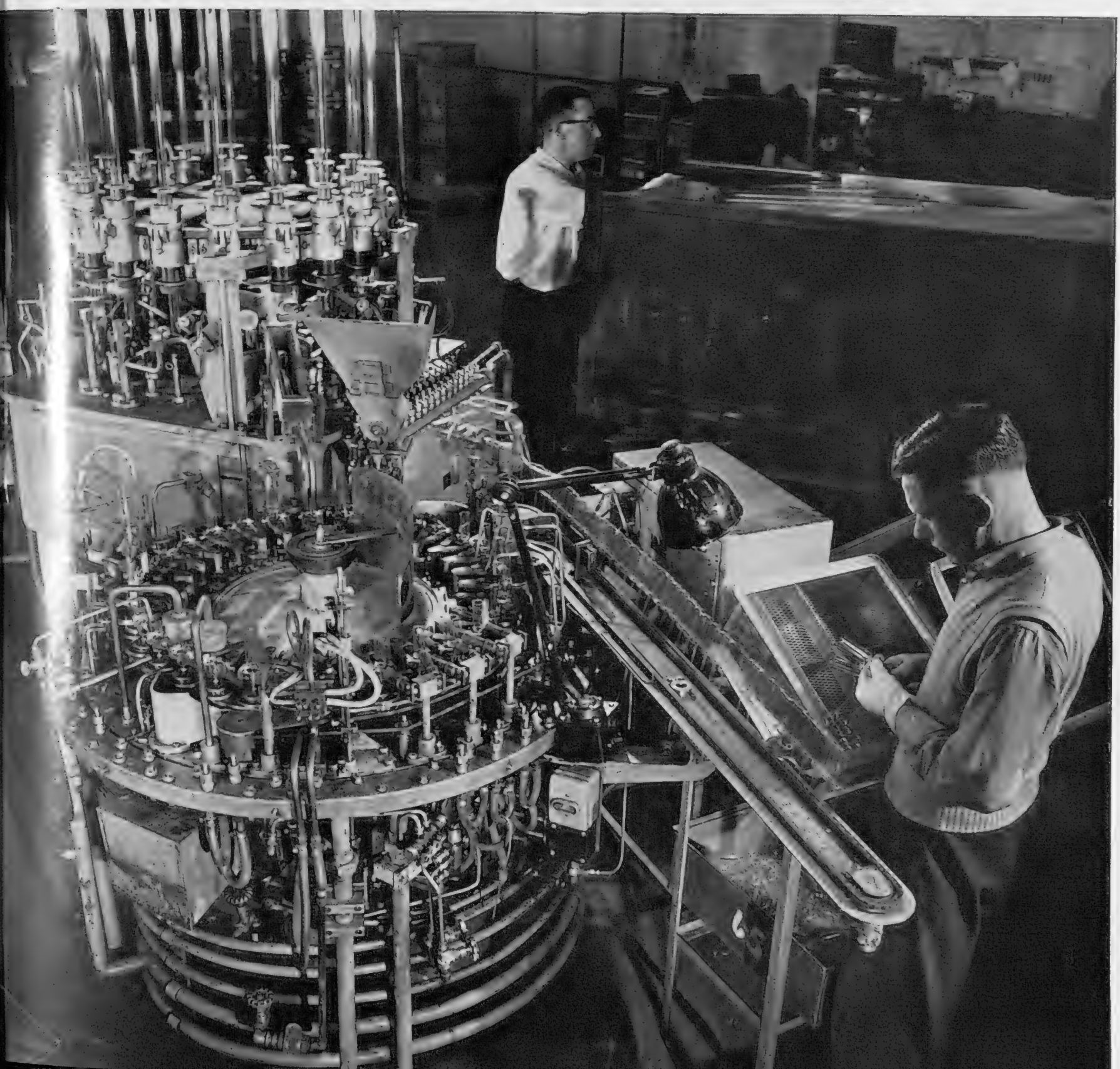
Mullard has, in the UK alone, 15 production units in addition to research laboratories and service depots, employing nearly 20,000 people of whom about 800 are graduate scientists and engineers. In the North of England, the Mullard Blackburn plant produces the bulk of the output of radio and television receiving valves. A few miles away at Simonstone is the production unit for television picture tubes, and at nearby Stockport one of the semi-conductor production units. In the South of England are situated, among others, the main semi-conductor factory at Southampton, the central research laboratories near Redhill and the Company's plant at Mitcham which produces specialised electronic valves and tubes, memory stores for computers and many other components. The Company's products are incorporated in every kind of electronic equipment used in industry, broadcasting, aviation, medicine and other fields.

An exhibition of Walter Nurnberg's photographs, entitled " Eye in Industry," will be held at Mullard House, Torrington Place, W.C.1, in May. It will feature this photographer's view of various industries and, with other exhibits, will show how electronics is being applied in them.

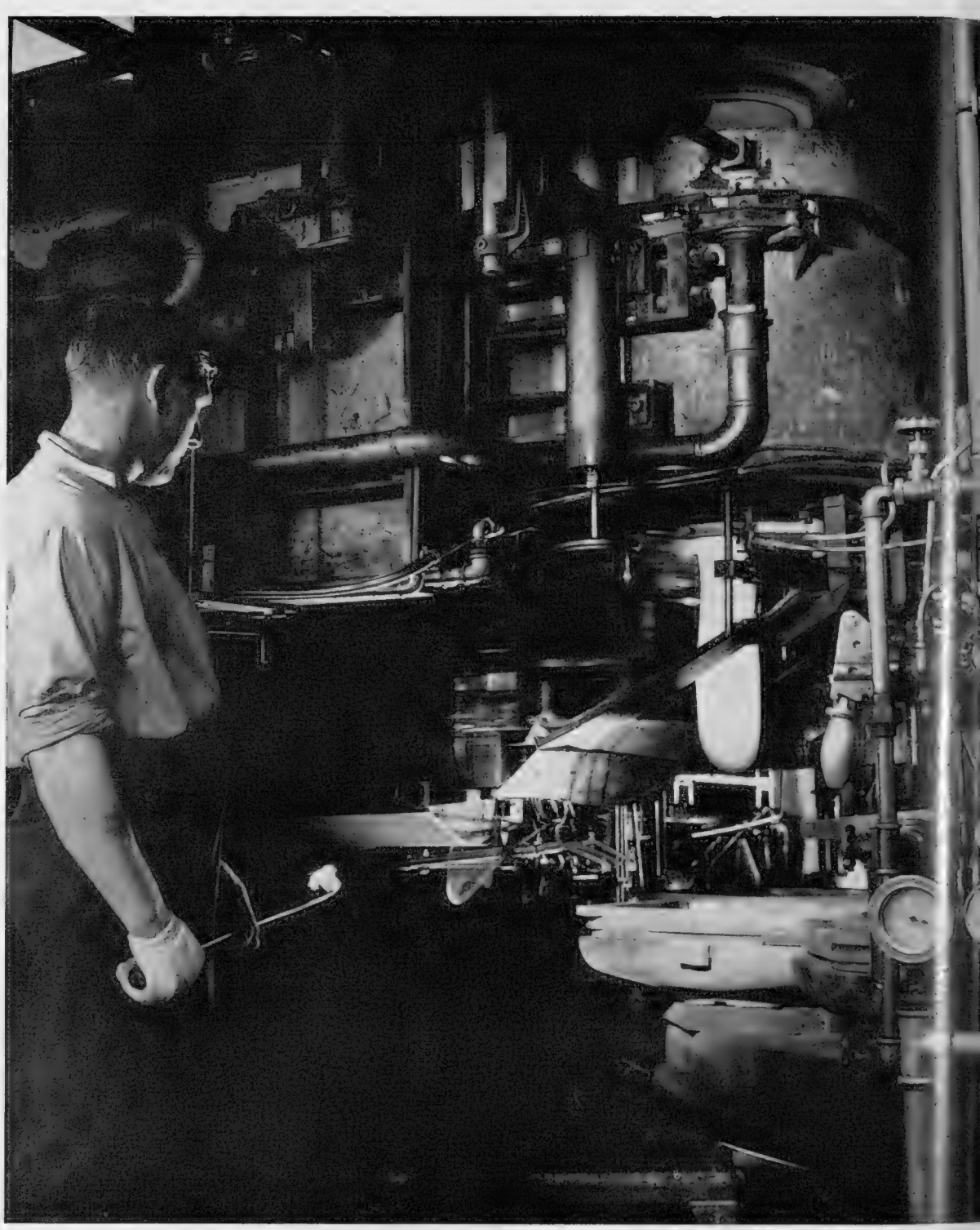
Left: A batch of Silicon transistors is etched in acid and then washed at Mullard's Southampton Works. The operatives wear specially designed protective clothing

Far left: Ferrite parts for transformers are loaded on to a rotary grinding machine. The pole faces of the ferrites are ground smooth, and their height reduced to the correct dimension

Below: Here, an automatic machine produces the glass envelopes for valves, complete with exhaust stems, from long lengths of glass tubing. At the back, the glass tubes are seen being fed into the machine. In front, the finished parts are inspected



ACCENT ON ELECTRONICS *continued from page 213*

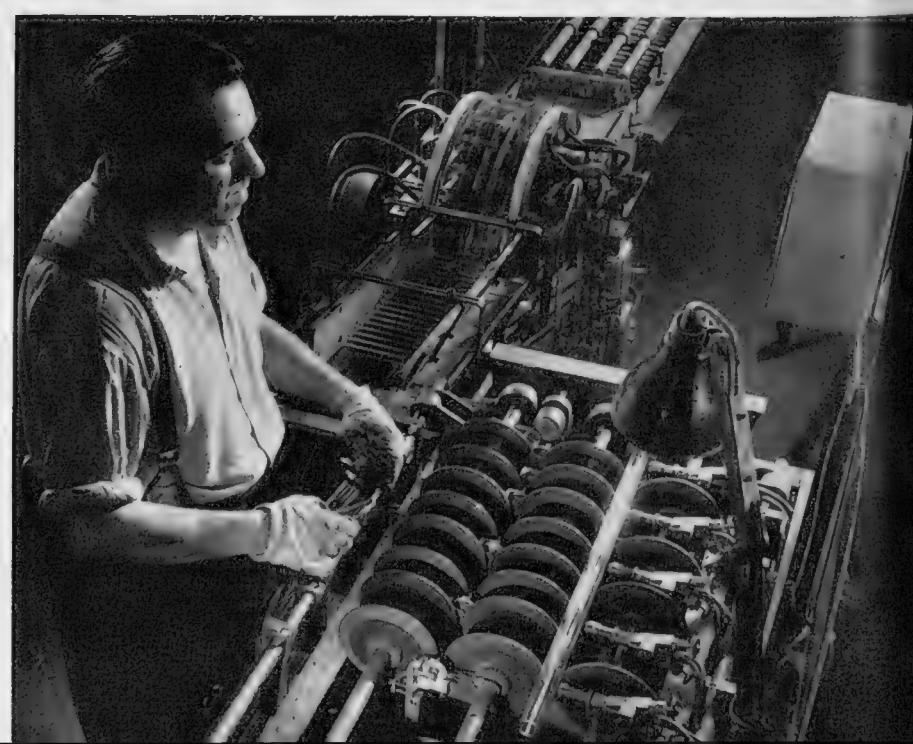


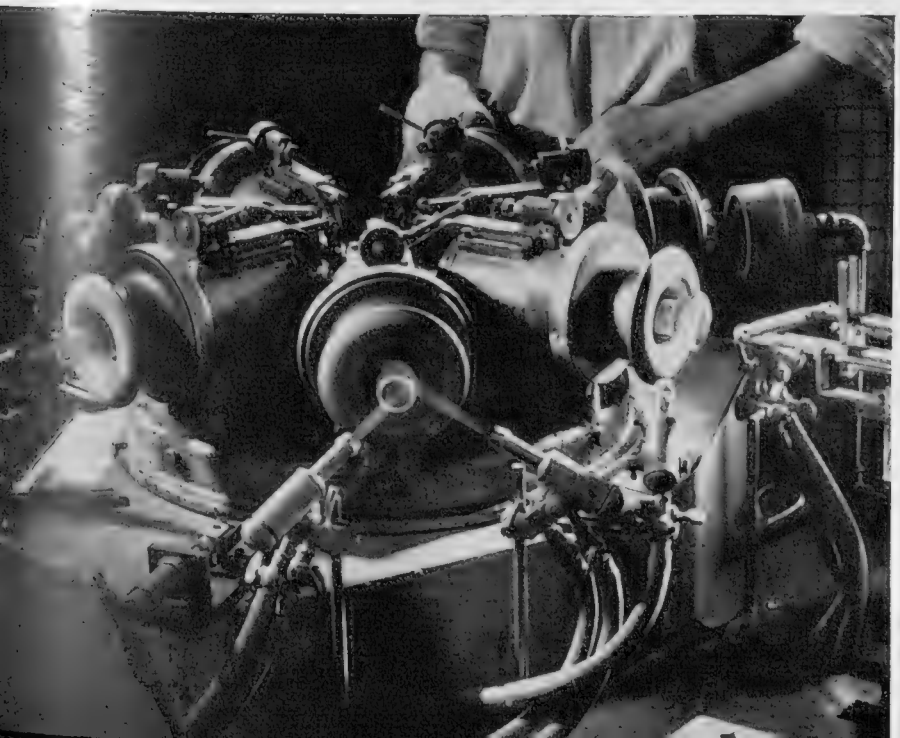
Above: At the Mullard factory in Mitcham, memory stores for computers are measured. They consist of thousands of minute rings of ferrite less than 0.1 in. in diameter

Top: In the assembly of receiving valves, one of the main objectives is the exclusion of dust and other contaminants. Operatives wear nylon overalls and assembly is carried out under protective covers

Above: Here, at the TV tube factory, a charge of molten glass is about to be chopped to the correct size and weight by hydraulic shears. The glass is then moulded by a 100-ton press into the familiar shape of a TV screen. The glass cone and neck are welded together with a faceplate to form a complete TV tube

Right: Lengths of glass are cut by tungsten wheels to make the necks of TV tubes





Left: The ends of the glass necks for TV tubes are heated by gas jets and then flared to facilitate the entry of the electron gun assembly. It is the beam of electrons from this assembly which produces the light on the fluorescent TV screen. By controlling the strength and scanning of this beam the TV picture is built up

Above: The operative is welding in one of the essential electrical terminals to a TV tube. On the circular machine the complete glass envelope, consisting of the neck, cone and faceplate, can be seen. Gas jets play on the rotating parts to ensure an even distribution of heat to avoid stresses in the glass. The electron guns are mounted in the cylindrical necks and, after sealing, the necessary electrical connections are made with other parts

216 **INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET**

HEDGING

by The Sphere City Correspondent

As the time draws nearer when Sir Alec Douglas-Home must descend from his fence and announce an actual date for the General Election, so the Stock Market grows broodier, sulkier and more unsure of itself. But, in fact, there is much less excuse than usual for such dithering. In a whole series of public pronouncements, and private sessions with City editors, Mr Wilson and his Shadow Chancellor, Mr Callaghan, have been happy to outline and amplify the likely investment effects of their policies. Apart from actually naming the shares to buy and sell, it is hard to see how they could have gone further. And in several ways, it is now becoming harder to predict the outcome of a Conservative victory than one by Labour. Among the eager compilers of "election portfolios," three main schools of thought are beginning to emerge.

The first takes the view that Wilson's "tax for progress" and "tax for efficiency" programmes—giving fast write-off, and heavy investment allowances for modernisation and automation—must benefit the best of the growth companies in such fields as computers, electronics and sophisticated controls.

What such (normally very low-yielding) stocks would lose through Labour's inevitable tax on distributed profits, so the argument goes, they would more than gain on an explosive increase in their business. And as they are also exactly the sort of enterprising, well-managed firm that must also do well out of Tory "4 per cent. growth" (hence their low-yielding status) they make an excellent each-way bet.

A good selection based on this line of reasoning might read:

	Price	Yield %	Times covered
Plessey	75s	2·5	2·8
Controls and Communications	7s	1·7	3·6
Advance Components	52s	2·2	2·9
Elliott-Automation	41s	2·3	2·0

The second group of analysts takes a much more sombre view of Mr Wilson's attitude to profits. They see the projected return to tax discrimination (before 1958, companies paid 30 per cent. on money paid out in dividends, only 3 per cent. on what they retained) as "political atavism, arising only from social hatred of the shareholder," and can see no virtue anywhere, except for the man paying a very high rate of personal tax, or for the take-over bidder, like Mr Clore in the past, who sees the potential that tends to get locked up in these piles of retained earnings.

From such a viewpoint, the only shares worth even considering are those with a very high cover for the dividend—at least two-and-a-half times, if the board are to be able to keep up their old rate of ploughing-back earnings, without a temptation to prune the distribution (which, after all, is normally the basis of the market price).

It is, however, possible to assemble quite an interesting list with this quality—some of them with good growth prospects as well. I should suggest:

	Price	Yield %	Times covered
Newman Industries	21s	1·9	4·8
Sun Electrical	20s	4·8	3·0
Clarkson Engineering	6s 9d	2·8	3·7
Airfix	51s	2·5	2·9
Gestetner "A"	31s	2·5	3·1
Pritchard Cleaners	26s 6d	2·8	3·0
Parkinson Cowan	49s 6d	4·0	3·7

The final group are so filled with gloom at the thought of a Socialist victory that they wish no part of any company operating in Britain, or relying on this country for its basic bread and butter. For these there is an entire world to go at—but before going the whole way with them, one should remember that Indonesia, Zanzibar, Cuba and East Berlin between them possibly hold even more terrors than the prospect of Mr Wilson.

It is probably better, therefore, to stick to foreign stocks of which we have some faint knowledge of management and local conditions, rather than plunging off blindfold into Italian detergent companies (like the much-touted Mira Lanza) or over-the-counter American space-age stocks. As a short list, all quoted in London, I should pick out:

	Price	Yield %	Times covered
Shell 5s	49s	5·6	2·3
National Bank	40s	3·6	—
Hudson's Bay	103s	3·5	2·3
British American Tobacco	50s 6d	6·0	2·8
Dalgety	53s	5·5	1·5
Canon Camera	4s 1d	—	—

Shell is, of course, world wide, and is still forging ahead; National Bank, though one of the London clearing group, does more than half its business in Ireland, and is growing fast; Hudson's Bay, 90 per cent. in Canada, is big in stores, ships, real estate, as well as fur, and has important holdings in natural gas; Dalgety, in Australia and New Zealand, is just feeling the benefits of a big 1961 merger; BAT has dropped on the US Surgeon-General's lung cancer report, but on past form will easily recover its world sales; and Canon is Japan's best (and at present undervalued) camera share.

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

It was only to be expected that Birmingham, with its very fine College of Advanced Technology, should feel slightly aggrieved that Lord Franks, in his report—to which I referred some months ago—suggested the first of the new business management schools on the Harvard pattern should be set up in London and Manchester. As perhaps the key industrial centre in the country, the Midlands has the stronger claim.

It was reiterated in public by Mr. L. Hargreaves Beare, President of Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, especially for the benefit of the principal guest at the Chamber's annual banquet, Mr Quintin Hogg, Lord President of the Council and Minister of Science. The Birmingham CAT, Mr Beare said, could begin business management courses in the autumn if given the go-ahead. Behind his challenge—which Mr Hogg was careful not to accept in detail, however far he might agree with the principle of management training—lay a very great deal of detailed study of the project.

For some time, I gather, there have been discussions between strong groups from the University, where the Faculty of Commerce has long held an envied position among business communities in the Midlands and in wider national and international fields, and the CAT. In fact, Professor H. S. Ferns, the Dean of the Faculty, told me that he could see absolutely no reason why such an institution should not be developed jointly by the University and the CAT. He had in mind an autonomous body, supported by the two older academic establishments, with a staff of 12 to 16 and a student body of about 80 or so to begin with. Even accommodation would present no problem; the costs could be low—as low as £800 a year per student.

One way and another, I have a feeling that there will be no lack of reminders to official quarters that Birmingham is ready. Nor will the topic be lost on Lord Rootes. As expected, he has been nominated as the first chancellor of the new University of Warwick to be built on the outskirts of Coventry, which was strongly tipped for selection by Lord Franks. Lord Rootes, though approaching 70, is still one of the nation's top salesmen, as witnessed by his tremendous drive and energy for his own creation, the Dollar Exports Council (now re-christened with the less punchy title of Western Hemisphere Exports Council) and for the family vehicle business.

Lord Rootes's wish for a business management school at Warwick means that Birmingham has an extremely active and persuasive rival almost on its doorstep. Possibly, of course, both Birmingham and Coventry will establish such schools—certainly the need is there. But if there is to be only one in the Midlands, Birmingham may need all its seniority and stature in promoting its case.

Mirroware

Apart from any other considerations, it seems there is something to be said for having a French wife from the purely business point of view. In fact, that something can be to the tune of nearly £1,200,000. It was through his delightful French wife, Amy, that David Lewis, the 30-year-old joint managing director of the fast-growing family hollow-ware concern of Mirroware, at Halesowen, first met the American who placed this huge order. Mail order business is almost non-existent in France.

Seeking to develop the market there, the American looked around for a company which could provide the thousands of aluminium saucepans, frying pans and casseroles he needed for distribution through the Common Market and in Denmark, Sweden and other countries. He found no one—until a chance meeting with David Lewis at the house of some friends of his wife in Paris led to Mirroware taking up the contract—and challenge. Mirroware was started 17 years ago by cousin Frank Lewis, and when David joined it after RAF service some 11 years ago there were 15 employees. Now there are 350 and two factory extensions are being built to cater for the increasing volume and variety of production.

...and consider the following argument. The indictment? That South Africa oppresses the Bantu people and withholds from them their right to self-determination.

M'lud, the case for the prosecution is self-evident. The principle that no people has the right to rule over another has now been accepted by virtually the whole world. Thus, most colonial powers have given African peoples their independence. One in particular has not—South Africa. Here, no Black people have any say in how the country as a whole is run.

The defence must protest, m'lud. My learned friend seems to imply that South Africa is just another colonial situation; that the country really belongs to the Bantu. But evidence can be led to show that the forbears of the Whites arrived 300 years ago and proceeded to settle what was largely no man's land. At the same time the Bantu came from the north and occupied another part of the country. If the Whites are immigrants or colonists in South Africa, then so are the Bantu!

The history of South Africa is not in dispute. We are, however, concerned with the facts of today. South Africa is, after all, inhabited by a majority of 12 million Bantu and a minority of 3 million Whites...

I must object, m'lud. How can the Bantu be a 'majority'. There are *several* distinctive Bantu peoples, each with its own language. There are more Xhosas than Zulus. The Zulus again are more than the Sothos, but fewer than the Whites. Now *who* are the 'majority'? But let's take a closer look at the Whites. They are not European settler *individuals*. They are a nation in their own right, with a new language and a way of life all their own. They won their *own* independence from a colonial power. What is more, they are the *only* white people in Africa to have done so. Are they now to be dismissed as a 'minority'?

But this does not alter the fact that they should give the Bantu their self-determination.

Quite! And this the South Africans themselves accept. But it is a matter of *method*...

Come now! Surely, there is only *one* way in which this can be done. All the Bantu must be given the vote. Only in this way can they win their rightful share in the affairs of a country that the defence admits is at least partly theirs. And if theirs is eventually to become the dominant share, that cannot be helped. After all, the majority must rule. That is elementary democracy!

My learned friend must be jesting! Has he considered the fate of minorities such as the Coloureds, the Asiatics, and even the Swazis in this arrangement? Be that as it may; what *is* my concern, is that my learned friend is now trotting out the *standard* 'colonialist' solution to what he has conceded is *not* a colonial situation. The South Africans are not colonial expatriates, he agrees. Yet he says they must be treated as such.

M'lud, I must object. No one has suggested that the White South Africans should pack their bags and go.

Perhaps not. But the implication of what my learned friend *is* saying is far more extreme than that. For what he is, in effect, saying is that one nation should gain its self-determination at the expense of that of another.

M'lud, my learned friend is now putting a melodramatic and unjustified meaning on my words...

Let me recapitulate. My learned friend concedes that the White South Africans are *not* colonialists. He accepts that they have won their own self-determination, as a nation. At the same time he proposes that the Bantu peoples should rule the whole country, simply because they are in the 'majority'. Now, can anyone deny that this will deprive the Whites of their nationhood? Or that this will, in fact, impose on them a new colonialism?

No but...

Can any 'but' be relevant, m'lud? For no argument will alter the fact that, if my learned friend has his way, the Whites will lose *their* self-determination. This is the crucial point. And who will tell these South Africans that they *should* now give up the self-determination that they won years ago? Will my learned friend do so? If so, how will he justify this? Or is it perhaps suggested that self-determination in Africa is only for those with black skins?

Of course not, but surely this dilemma cannot be resolved in any other way?

Let us look at the problem once more. We now seem to agree the Whites cannot justly be expected to sacrifice their own hard-won self-determination. We also do agree the Bantu cannot be justly denied theirs. Surely, to this problem there is only one obvious solution...

Ha! Name it!

I shall. It is precisely what South Africa is doing—providing parallel political institutions. The people of the Transkei already have internal self-government. The Bantu peoples *are* beginning to rule themselves. M'lud, I submit that my client has no case to answer here—and never has had.

What do you think? Further information is available from the Department of Information, South Africa House, London W.C.2

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

218 The pretty, blonde stewardess handed me a small package, about four inches square, and with a charming smile explained: "The menu!" And that is what I found in the package, printed on a fine, colourfully illustrated handkerchief. This is how the "Repas Jet" read on board the Swissair Caravelle flying to Zurich: Aperitif, Plat de Viande Chaude—Salade, Dessert, Café-Liqueurs. The wines were also listed on my handkerchief: Mumm Brut Cordon Rouge, Cure D'Attalens 1961 (a fresh white wine from the shores of Lake Geneva), Dole Clos des Chevalier 1961 (Dole from the upper Rhone valley is the best known of the Swiss red wines), and a claret: Château Smith-Haut-Lafitte 1957. There was variety here to suit every taste.

The meat course on this occasion was Escalope de Veau, garnished with that delightful Swiss speciality "spaetzli;" it had no suggestion of having been prepared some time ago, or being re-heated or having been kept hot for a long time. I found afterwards that the four wines are more or less standard on all services of the line. This was an excellent meal, perfectly served in the very short time available, for the whole flight does not take much longer than one hour.

I was very impressed, and when later I visited the Swissair catering centre at Zurich Airport, which serves as the gastronomic nerve centre of all the Swissair services originating in Europe, I developed a great respect for the sincere and serious insistence on quality. My first astonishing discovery was that here pre-cooked meals are not kept in deep freeze to be issued out of stock as required. With the exception of a few services to equatorial Africa, every meal is freshly cooked, and loaded on to aircraft before departure, in the usual special containers in which it is kept hot. This requires *some* kitchen facilities and organisation when it is considered that at peak times as many as 7,000 meals are supplied in one day. Cooking is carefully not taken to absolute finality in the kitchens, and that is why the time spent in the flying hot cupboards does not result in over-cooking the food. Only the best ingredients are used: fresh butter, meat, fruit and vegetables. All the plates and cups are china, not plastic, and the cutlery is silver not steel.

Other airlines pride themselves on the superb gastronomic qualities of their menus, especially on the first class services across the North Atlantic. They all make their greatest effort to reach caviar and foie gras level on these lines and menus are usually very "haute cuisine." Swissair go further. They produce a First Class Menu à la carte of enormous size, printed as beautifully as only the Swiss can. This is sent to every passenger who has booked a seat well in advance. On a detachable form the passenger can place his order for the meal he will eat over the Atlantic, choosing any of the dishes he likes from the gigantic menu. He can select one of the six hors d'oeuvres, which, of course, include Malossol Caviar, Strasbourg Foie Gras, lobster, asparagus, smoked salmon; three soups, including real turtle; 12 elaborate main courses, and six specific desserts, quite apart from cheeses, fruit, coffee, wines and liqueurs. The passenger thus composes his own menu and his dinner or lunch is especially cooked for him. The only requirement is that the order must be received at least four days before the departure time of the flight.

Should you not send in such an order for any reason, there is still no danger of having to starve. You will then have to eat the normal first-class meal of just as many courses, but with only two alternative choices for each course.

A good sample of what the Swissair Flight Kitchen can do was available to the public in Park Lane recently when a Swissair Food Festival was organised at the London Hilton. For a whole week the International Restaurant of the hotel was entirely devoted to Swiss specialities prepared with the co-operation of three chefs from the Flight Kitchens at Zurich, specially flown over. These included the dried meats of the Grisons, Basle Salmon, Rheinfelden Trout, "Emincé de Veau Zurichoise," Entrecôte "Swissair," Brochette Tessinoise, Fondue and Raclette, ice cream cake with Williamine, and "William Tell's Apple," a leading Swiss speciality.

Two Swissair chefs prepare meals in the Cold Kitchen

CUNARD CONVERSION

After her eight-week annual overhaul, the Cunard liner *Queen Elizabeth* is back in service with many changes to her passenger accommodation

Above: This is one of the new First Class state rooms completed as part of the redesign programme for the 83,673-ton liner, which will continue during each winter overhaul period. It has plain fitted carpets in green and grey, with curtains and bedspreads in printed fabric

Left: The new First Class cocktail bar and lounge that have been built into the former saloon on the liner's promenade deck. The bar counter, with 18 stools, is panelled in dark green hide. The furniture is upholstered in pink, dark green, gold and orange

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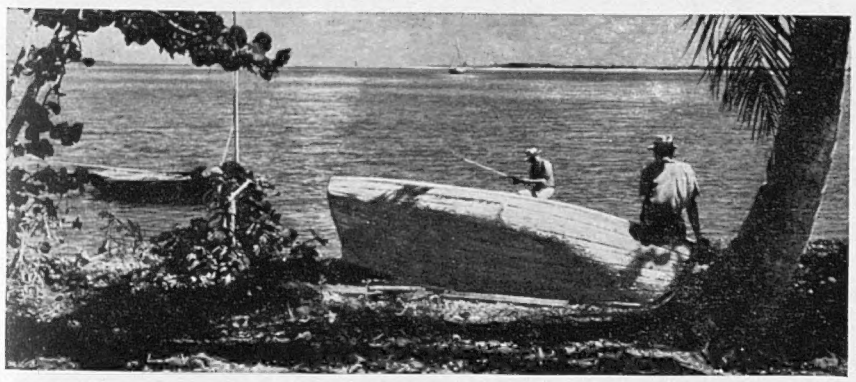

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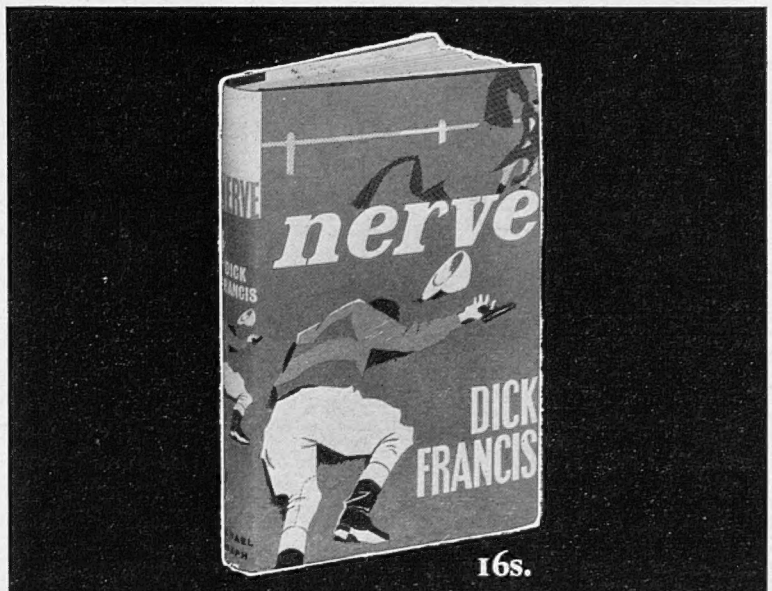

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STANLEY JACKSON in London EVENING NEWS

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MARGARET WYNN

This analysis of the problems of a numerically important class of children is intended to help children's officers and child care workers, magistrates, doctors and teachers. It will also appeal to the general reader who is interested in social problems, and to all societies and churches who are concerned to "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction."

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Terence Morris and Louis Blom-Cooper

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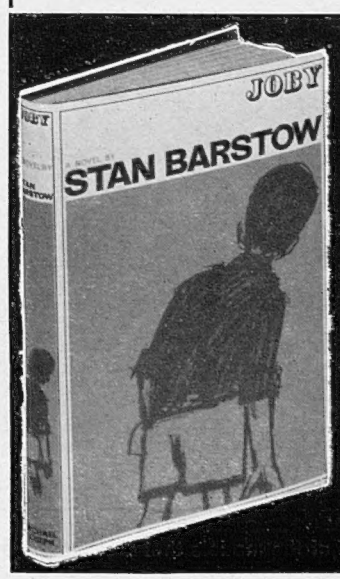

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JOHN BRAINE

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES

220 Railway bridge arches have seen the start, by courageous pioneers, of many automobile, aviation and other activities which made a big impact on the industrial and commercial life of Britain. For instance, the railway bridge at Putney, S.W.15, was the early home of one of the many enterprises of the late Frederick Richard Simms, widely acknowledged to be the " father " of the British motor industry, who was born just over 100 years ago.

Arrival of this centenary year has inspired the excellent idea of perpetuating Simms' association with Putney Bridge by a commemorative plaque on the railway arch he used as a workshop, before the turn of the century, for the maintenance of the Canstatt-Daimler marine engines which at the time were one of his main interests.

That arch was conveniently located for motor launch demonstrations on the Thames and Simms rented it for £25 a year from the old Metropolitan District Railway. Mr Wilfrid Andrews, chairman of the Royal Automobile Club (which Simms started, as he also did the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders) has been invited to unveil the plaque next Tuesday in the presence of the Mayor of Wandsworth. Among those expected to attend are Mr and Mrs Dennis Ramsay, son-in-law and daughter of the late Mr Simms—who died in April, 1944 in his 80th year—and Mr G. E. Liardet, chairman of the Simms Motor and Electronics Corporation, the powerful industrial group which can be said to have been born under that railway arch. (It has been called the cradle of the motor industry.)

Simms displayed an almost fanatical confidence in the future of the horseless carriage and as early as 1888 sought out Gottlieb Daimler: a meeting which led to Simms acquiring the rights for the sale of Daimler products in Britain and many other countries. He established Simms and Co., consulting engineers, in 1890 and in the same year introduced the Daimler car to England.

In 1895 Simms inspired the formation of the Self-Propelled Traffic Association which had Sir David Salomans as its president. Simms took no active part in this organisation but became vice-president of the Motor Car Club, later resigning because he thought it was being exploited for business and company-promoting purposes. In 1897 he started the Automobile Club of Great Britain, later to become the RAC.

The Racing Car Show

I'll swear I saw a lot of Walter Mittys at Olympia during the Racing Car Show, which ended a very successful run last Saturday. This increasingly popular annual event, organised by the British Racing and Sports Car Club and sponsored by the *Daily Express*, attracts not only the hot-rod boys but many motorists who know deep down they will never own anything more potent than a family saloon that will never be breathed on but who secretly indulge in daydreams of fabulous exploits on the racing circuits in which the Jim Clarks and Graham Hills bear a remarkable likeness to their own selves.

This year's Racing Car Show, opened by Mr Ernie Marples, who used the opportunity to tell our motorway drivers what he thinks of them, was better than ever and the man mainly responsible—Mr Ian Smith, honorary treasurer of the BRSCC—is to be congratulated. There was a wonderful collection of historic racing cars, in which the development of the sport could be traced back over the years to 1899, nostalgically represented by Count Zborowski's Canstatt-Daimler.

The Wheelspin Wonders—an assortment of dragsters which included Mr Sydney Allard's £450 do-it-yourself Dragster Dragon—attracted a lot of interest. So did the covey of GT cars—notably the Ferrari, Jaguar and Aston Martin—and there were always crowds round the stands displaying the Climax-engined Lotus 25 in which Jim Clark won the world drivers' and constructors' championships last year; and the 4·2-litre, Ford-engined Lotus 29 in which Clark finished a sensational second in last year's 500-mile race at Indianapolis.

Frank Nichols was to be seen hovering round the 1·7-litre Porsche-engined Elva which surprised everybody by winning the Lake Elkhart race in America at 84·5 m.p.h. and there was much talk at Olympia of the deal he has just done with Peter Agg, managing director of the Lambretta-Trojan Group. Mr Agg (who took over manufacture and sales of Nichols' Elva Courier roadster some time ago) has now gained a controlling interest in Elva Cars Ltd., under which banner Nichols had continued building successful racing cars, first at Hastings and latterly at Rye (now quite a centre of high-performance motoring, what with Harry Weslake's outfit and the Nerus pep-up establishment).

Other star attractions at the Show were the Volvo-engined Marcos 1800 GT model (with wooden chassis), the Lotus 30 (with 4·7-litre Ford engine and backbone chassis), the Emery GT two-seater (powered by the 875 c.c. Hillman Imp engine) and the convertible versions of the Wolseley Hornet (by Viking Performance) and Ford Cortina (by Crayford Engineering).

The British Victory at Monte

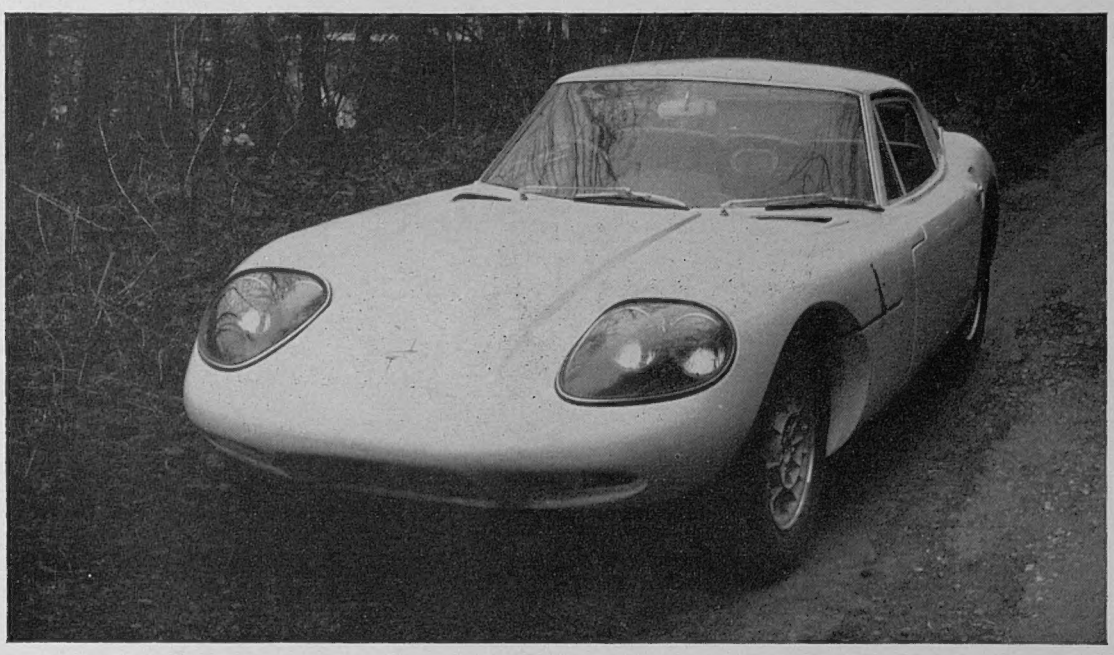
Britain's outright win in the Monte Carlo Rally with a 1,071 c.c., £695 Mini-Cooper S built by BMC and driven from Minsk by Paddy Hopkirk, 30-year-old Belfast garage proprietor, and Henry Liddon, 33-year-old Bristol man, was all that much more creditable for being achieved in weather conditions which prompted many of us to fancy the prospects of the powerful 4·7-litre Ford Falcons from Detroit.

Hopkirk—an Irishman of great charm and a very experienced rally driver—is the first Briton to win the Monte since Ronnie Adams did so in 1956 in a Jaguar. Only four British drivers had won it previously since the event was started in 1911.

In spite of the brilliance of Hopkirk's 2,850 miles drive with his pugnacious little front wheel drive Mini, the true measure of Britain's domination of this year's Monte was its success in winning the prestige-rich manufacturers' team prize with the Mini-Cooper S entries of Hopkirk and Liddon, Makinen and Vanson (who finished fourth) and Aaltonen and Ambrose (who were seventh). Both Makinen and Aaltonen are Finns.

The British Motor Corporation nicely rounded things off by taking the top prize in the *gran turismo* category with the MGB driven by the Morley twins—Donald and Erle—who also won their class. Britain also basks in the reflected glory of Pat Moss winning the *coupe des dames* for the fourth time, though she did this in a Swedish Saab. With Miss U. Wirth as her co-driver, Pat finished fifth overall, which is a higher placing than has ever previously been achieved by an all-woman crew. Pat's husband, the fabulous Erik Carlsson, finished third in a Saab.

The costly team of Ford Falcons, whose crews included such high-calibre British drivers as Graham Hill, Peter Harper and Anne Hall, did well to capture second place, thanks partly to a spirited drive round the houses at Monaco in the classification test by Ljungfeldt.



The Volvo-engined Marcos 1800 GT, one of the models that drew attention at the Olympia Racing Car Show

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

WHAT IS the most important asset in an hotel?—we have been asked more than once.

Some might say an up-to-date kitchen, others a well-stocked cellar, comfortable modernly appointed bedrooms, or qualified management; but all these assets—valuable as they are—are of no avail without the right personnel.

How often we meet hoteliers who despair at their inability to recruit reliable staff; and the newer the hotel the greater the problem.

A long-service staff is ever a sure barometer to a well conducted hotel. A few weeks ago we paid a return visit to an old favourite, the *Imperial*, at the summit of Lansdowne, Bournemouth.

During the two nights we were there my wife and I commented on how pleasant it was to be greeted by so many familiar faces.

We were received on arrival by Mr Bamford, Head Porter, who has been at the *Imperial* 23 years. Later, as we came down for dinner, we re-met the Head Waiter, Mr Bradbury, who also has 23 years to his credit.

The next morning after breakfast we commented to Mr Bradbury on the efficient, cheerful waitress who looked after us. "That's Mrs Wiles," he said. "And she has been here 23 years too." "The year 1941 seems to have been a good one for staff," we commented.

Before leaving we congratulated Mrs G. D. Gibson, the Manageress (who also qualifies for a long-service medal), on her long-service staff. Of her 60, she told us, 20 have been at the *Imperial* over ten years, and in addition to those named three of the kitchen staff, including the Chef and his second, can notch up 57 years between them. Mr Jones, another Porter, has 30 years' service. I have left the *bon bouche* to the end. Mr E. Fredenberg, who works in the garage, has been at the *Imperial* 43 years. What a host of vintage cars he must have washed!

On leaving Bournemouth we headed for Bath, where at *Lansdown Grove Hotel* we were welcomed by Frank—genial, genuinely pleased to see one and a generalissimo among Head Porters. For he has all the charm and courtesy to restore good spirits to jaded travellers.

Other faces that we recognised afresh were the Head Receptionist and the Head Waiter. At the helm of *Lansdown Grove's* long-service team is Mr Aubrey Jackman, who every year achieves something for the hotel's benefit.

Here is a case of pedigree hotelmanship, for his father and mother were well known to their generation and—as their son Aubrey does today—devoted their little spare time to the interests of Bath and her citizens.

The next day our post arrived, and with it the quarterly house journal of that enterprising hotel group, Trust Houses Ltd.

We always enjoy reading this human document for, apart from news of fresh Trust House developments, there is always a major portion given over to personnel of every grade. From it we learnt of the retirement of Mr and Mrs S. C. Galloway, who since 1951 had managed for Trust Houses the *Wellington Hotel*, Tunbridge Wells, but who leave behind them a key staff who have been at the hotel during the whole of Mr and Mrs Galloway's managership. So tradition will still flourish at this most unmartial *Wellington*.

Casting one's mind back you must know, as we do, of so many kindly, loyal hotel staff who have done so much to add lustre to our hotels and I will content myself with one story of war-time days.

Standing outside the entrance of *Bramley Grange Hotel*, near Guildford, a sneak enemy raider hurtled overhead and within seconds dropped a stick of bombs on the railway line a bare quarter of a mile away. Turning to [illegible]y—the Head Porter—I made the fatuous remark "Bombs". "Bombs be damned," he replied, "what I want to know is why that taxi I ordered is late."

It is often said that faithful staff such as Harry cannot be replaced. They can and are. We often note in the course of our travels the keenness and enthusiasm of youth in the hotel and catering industry.

At catering schools and at technical colleges, notably Westminster, Battersea, Portsmouth, Bournemouth and Torquay, to name but five, the younger generation are learning their trade from the bottom. Then they are quickly absorbed into the industry where, with practical experience, they realise that learning never ceases. Many of the big organisations have, too, their post-graduate managerial courses.

Full credit to many a small country hotel, personally owned, where every encouragement is given to youth to mature. Stay a night or more at that small charming Cotswold hotel the *King's Arms* in Chipping Campden. Freshness is the keynote of the all female staff, hand-picked for their cheerful personalities as well as their efficient energy.

Behind the scenes, every encouragement is given to aid their enthusiasm. Immaculate and modern kitchens, attractive living quarters, and exactly the same fresh and homely fare as is provided for the visitors.

Seasonal hotels naturally have more difficulty in staff recruitment, but many are overcoming the problem by employing students; and what they lack in polish is more than compensated for by cheerfulness and willingness.

Some hotels recruit a better type of student than others. *Rockham Bay Hotel*, Mortehoe, North Devon, makes a good illustration. Here's one of the friendliest of holiday hotels in Britain, where the everyday running reveals a personal touch. Everyone is well-cared-for—children, parents and staff. The latter, students, help to create an atmosphere of unaffected friendliness.

The best service can always be brought out in staff, be they veterans or youngsters, by treating them as human beings. A request is so much better than an order. A "Please" and a "Thank you" cost nothing but achieve much.

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